

Amusement
News

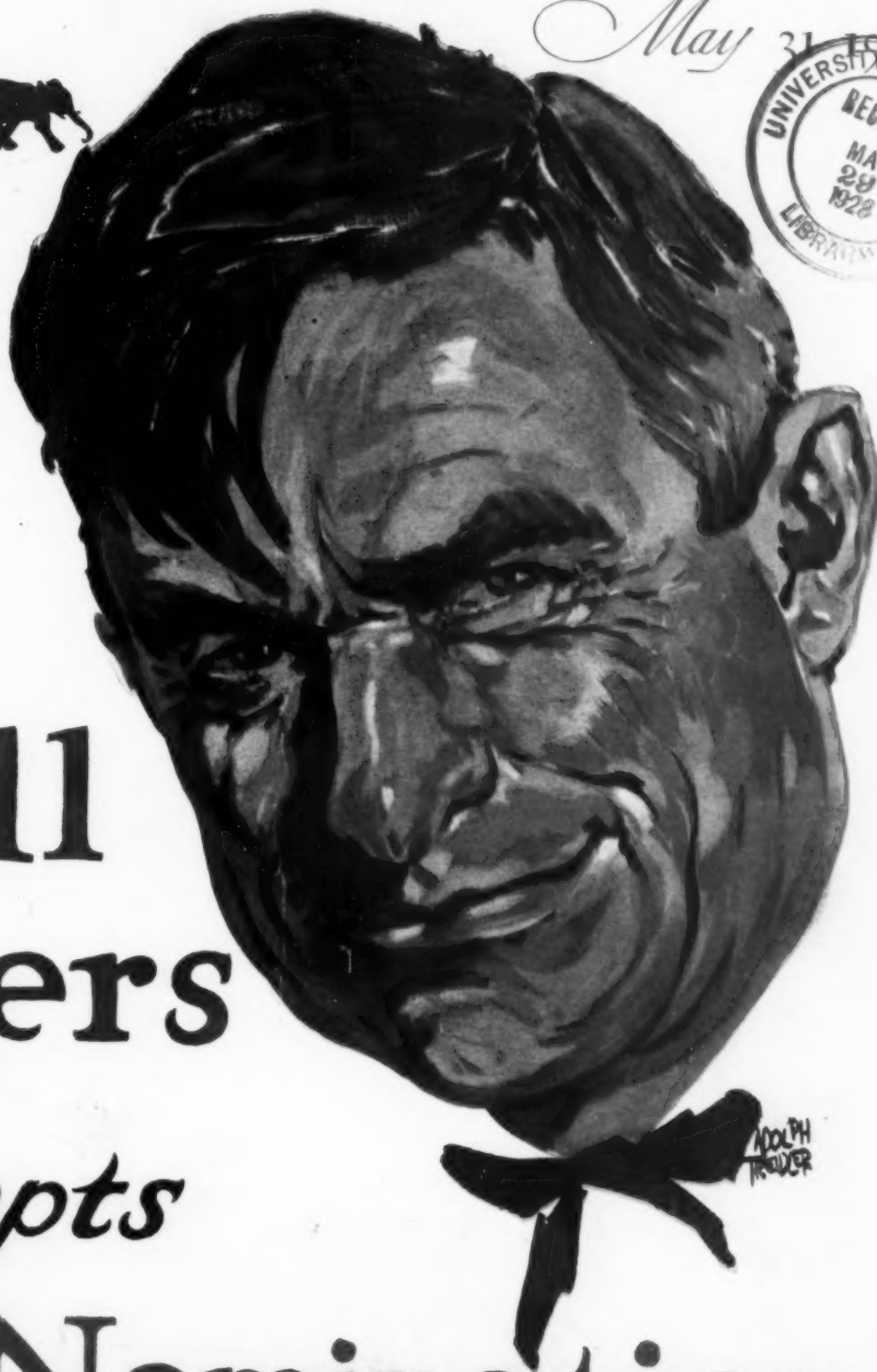
LIFE

Personalities
Sport

15 Cents



May 31 1928



Will
Rogers
Accepts
The Nomination



While there is no sensation quite like the "feel" of a clean, straight drive down the fairway, there's a lot of comfort in having what it takes to get out of the rough. Whether you're driving a golf ball—or driving a car.

Are there any golfing songs?

Has golf, that ancient and honorable game, been immortalized in song—has a piper skirled its rhythm in its native land?

Listen in, next Tuesday at eight-thirty, on any one of thirty stations of the famous Red Chain, for The Seiberling Singers, their orchestra, and James Melton, Seiberling's Own Tenor, who is achieving added fame through his Columbia phonograph records.

Non-golfers will enjoy The Seiberling Singers too, for they have developed a new technique of radio.



Follow Through!

An Editorial by F. A. Seiberling

In industry, as in your golf game, it's the "follow-through" that counts.

To sell, and consider that the end, is to swing a club with no interest in the direction of the ball.

And that way lies failure in industry—as in golf.

But, also as in golf, follow-through alone is not enough. It won't make a poor shot good—it won't make a poor product good.

The tag on the left, attached now to Seiberling All-Tread Tires for passenger car use, tells the story of a new follow-through in tire selling—and tire buying.

ANY ONE OF OUR DEALERS IN THE UNITED STATES, WHEN HE SELLS YOU A SEIBERLING ALL-TREAD, PLACES AT YOUR DISPOSAL THE SERVICE OF FIVE THOUSAND OTHER SEIBERLING DEALERS, EACH READY TO PROTECT YOU FOR ONE FULL YEAR AGAINST ANY FURTHER TIRE EXPENSE DUE TO ACCIDENT TO THAT TIRE.

A "follow-through" that will help your score and ours; an assumption of responsibility which only quality could justify.

F. A. Seiberling



SEIBERLING ALL-TREADS

Seiberling All-Treads embody the knowledge and skill acquired by F. A. Seiberling in designing and making over fifty million tires.

Today they are sold under a tire protection policy which provides that for one whole year from the date of its purchase EACH SEIBERLING ALL-TREAD TIRE FOR USE ON A PASSENGER CAR IS PROTECTED AGAINST FURTHER EXPENSE DUE TO ACCIDENT OR ROAD HAZARD—PROTECTED BY SEIBERLING DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.

It guarantees you twelve months in "par."

THE SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO



ATWATER KENT

RADIO

*The country has already
"gone Atwater Kent"*

THE election is over, so far as radio is concerned. From Key West to Sitka, from San Diego to Eastport, from city districts and country districts, comes just one verdict: "The Atwater Kent A.C. set is away ahead."

East and West are just as solid as the South. Everywhere the Atwater Kent A.C. electric set leads in preference and in sales. In more than 200,000 homes since January 1st! Radio has never heard of anything like it!

The reason for all this nation-wide enthusiasm? There are many. A home demonstration (which you may arrange with the nearest Atwater Kent dealer) will very quickly show you what they are.

You will see what it means to have radio programs faithfully brought into your home by

a receiver that needs no batteries. As you listen—as you turn the one FULL-VISION Dial—as you find out how trouble-free a radio instrument can be in this year 1928—it will dawn upon you that you needn't pay more for fine radio reception.

"How," you will ask, "can the Atwater Kent A.C. electric set be sold at a price so unusually low?"

That's a long story—a story of modern precision manufacturing in the world's largest and best equipped radio factory—a story of popularity which makes such a factory possible—the old, old story of the demand that always follows when quality leads the way.

Let the Atwater Kent A.C. electric set speak for itself. It will tell you—clearly, why it is America's favorite radio.



ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

A. ATWATER KENT, President

One Dial Receivers Licensed
under U. S. Patent 1,014,002

4753 WISSAHICKON AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA

Prices slightly higher
West of the Rockies

On the air—every Sunday night—Atwater Kent Hour—listen in!

Doctor Sun

THE world's greatest physician is located more than 92,000,000 miles away. He is Dr. Sun. And the one great medicine that he sends is sunlight. On bright, sunny days his free dispensary is open to everybody, everywhere. But in northern latitudes, his treatments—generous applications of ultra-violet rays—are most successful during the summer months.

Sunlight is the finest tonic and health-builder in the world. It works its cures, mysteriously, through the skin. In sunshine there is a wonderful healing power—the ultra-violet rays. These rays are most effective from April to November and are particularly strong from June to the end of September.

Ultra-violet rays do not penetrate ordinary window glass, or clothing except the very lightest in color and weight. Nor do they penetrate, to any great extent, smoky and dust-laden atmosphere. For those who can put on bathing suits and enjoy the sunshine at a beach on ocean, lake, or river, the problem of getting sufficient ultra-violet radiation is solved. But others, too, may receive the benefits of the sun's rays by using ingenuity. At some time during the day the sunshine usually pours into some room in the home where one may lie without clothing in its unobstructed light. A canvas tent without a top, in the yard or on the roof or open porch, will serve.

Sun baths, taken regularly, increase the red corpuscles of the blood in great numbers. The supply of calcium, iron and phosphorus in the blood is augmented. Many physical disturbances partially due to sunlight starvation—notably rickets and anemia—can be relieved by daily sun baths. Certain skin diseases can be healed more rapidly when treated by the sun's rays. Sun baths are a valuable tonic for the organs of the body. The ultra-violet rays kill bacteria and germs.

Dr. Sun's best office hours are in the early morning and late afternoon. At mid-day his treatment is more likely to scorch than to heal. Even at the best hours, over-exposure does more harm than good. It is a mistake to try to get tanned too rapidly. Excessive exposure, especially on parts of the body not accustomed to direct rays of the sun, may cause not only painful burns but also serious skin trouble. Exposure should be gradually increased from day to day. So essential is sunlight to the body that science sought and has found a way to manufacture ultra-violet rays that may be used helpfully in



EDWARD J. STEICHEN

the winter and on days at other times of the year when the sun's rays are weak. But great care should be exercised. Artificial sunlight treatments may be extremely harmful if given by anyone not familiar with their power.

In praising the value of natural sunlight, one eminent physician says, "When we have added together all the healing virtues of the Finsen light and Radium and the Roentgen Rays, and all the uses of heat rays and electrical waves in the care of atrophied or unused muscles—when every particular form of radiation has been tried and exploited to the uttermost—the value of natural sunlight upon us, whether as therapeutic in certain forms of disease, or as hygienic and prophylactic, outweighs all these other things as the Atlantic outweighs the contents of the Olympic swimming pool."

Plan, definitely, to store up health. Get your share of the ultra-violet rays in summer, while they are at their best. A booklet, "Sunlight, the Health-Giver," tells of many benefits to be derived from the sun's rays. It will be mailed free upon request to the Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, One Madison Avenue, New York City. Send for it.

Haley Fiske, President.

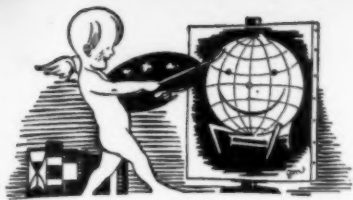


METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK
Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

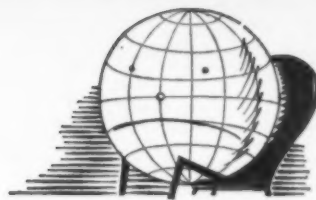
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LIFE



"I ACCEPT THE NOMINATION"

by
Will Rogers

YOUR offer struck me like what the better fed English Authors call "a bolt from the Blue." It leaves me dazed, and if I can stay dazed I ought to make a splendid Candidate.

Now I know after being nominated for anything, its customary after first buying a drink, to register modesty (in fact, the modesty lasts no longer than the drink).

Every Candidate always says, "Why there is dozens of men that is more competent to fill this office than I am." Well I dont feel that way about it at all, It looks like you Boys was inspired when you made your choice, For after all its only the office of Candidate that I am accepting. You know it dont take near as good a man to be Candidate as it does to hold the office, Thats why we wisely defeat more than we elect.

Now you might have found "a dozen better men than me" But I doubt it.

I THINK I can accept defeat in as poor English, and with as well hidden "Sour Grapes" as anyone you could have chosen.

In fact I have already got in my mind the message of congratulation to the winner, and am really anxious to hurry up and lose, just to see how it will look in print. When I was thrown out as Mayor of a certain alleged Town on account of being called a Puritan, when I come out against poligimy, I took defeat without an Alabi, which proved that I had none of the earmarks of a Politician. I was immediately made President of "The Ex Mayors Association of America." By the way there is an organization that will grow, For as long as there is an honest election there will always be another Ex Mayor.

I AM heartuly in accord with the Anti Bunk Party, But by its very name it means that we will have no political support. Now I admit I can make a living outside politics, Now when you admit that you can live without depending on politics, you lose right there the support of all politicians, For if there is one



Our
Candidate
registers
"modesty"

thing that a politician hates worse than a recount, its somebody that is not in their business.

That we have had our nomination without cost or expense to the taxpayer will be against us.

Hotels will be against us, for not furnishing the "Back room" for the nomination,

Every City will be against us for not holding our Convention there all but Houston, and Kansas City.

THERE is one thing there wont be in our Party and thats Party Leaders, I think that what hurts our two big Political Partys worse than getting caught, is Party Leaders. No Party is as bad as its State and National Leaders.

We are going to try and eliminate Slogans, Slogans have been more harmful to the country than Bo-Weevil, Luncheon Clubs, Sand Fleas, Detours, Conventions, and Golf Pants.

Now we may alienate the entire female vote, but there will be no effort for Sex Appeal. Of course if it unconsciously manifests itself, why we cant help it, But it will by no means be one of the planks in our Platform, In fact the last election has almost proven that it is not essential.

Now all this comes on me so quick that it leaves me as the ambitious, but less read American Authors would say "Dumb," I have had in this temporary acceptance no time to draft a Platform. But you can rest assured that it will be plenty wide, In fact William Howard Taft could stroll with Marie Dressler and Sophie Tucker on either Judicial wing, and not take undue precaution of stepping off.

IN SHORT our platform will be,
WHATEVER THE OTHER FELLOW
DONT DO, WE WILL.

Now no man would want a broader, or more numerous planked platform than that.

Now a word to the Republican voters, We wont be able to pay you anything for your votes, so that will naturally eliminate all Republican support, And as we can't pay the Democrats, they will naturally if they have to vote for nothing stay with their own Party, For they have been voting for nothing for years. So offhand its hard to see where our support is coming from.

There will also be no promise of jobs, For no defeated Candidate has ever been able to give anyone a job, So that is one bit of Bunk that will be eliminated early.

Our support will have to come from those who want NOTHING, and have the assurance of getting it.

Now THIS whole acceptance is based on one thing, and that is this,

IF ELECTED I ABSOLUTELY AND
POSITIVELY AGREE TO RESIGN.

Thats my only Campaign pledge, or Slogan, ELECT ROGERS AND HE WILL RESIGN.

Thats offering the Country more than any Candidate ever offered it in the entire History of its existence.

(Watch this space next week for some sensational platform announcements.)

WILL ROGERS FOR PRESIDENT

A Keynote Speech by JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

I HEARTILY agree with LIFE—that our present politics, as represented by the two old political parties, is mostly the bunk.

Politics! In times past it has meant statesmen—Clay and Webster, Lincoln and Douglas, Blaine and Cleveland, Roosevelt and Wilson. Political parties then made real issues. They appealed to courage. They were championed by men who owned their own souls. Men who were unafraid.

Then we had TWO parties. Now we have ONE. Only one. I challenge the leaders of either to define the difference between the two.

The candidates of both parties are almost always gentlemen of respectability. But if they want to fight for the right to be themselves instead of office boys, they must fight alone. Generally, they do not choose to fight.

Is it pleasant for Americans to know that their Chief Magistrate is no more than a Chief Clerk, who sits at a desk in the outer office and attends to the hand-shaking?

The party platforms sound all the platitudes. The political campaign is an orgy of flag-waving bunk. The candidates vie with each other in the great contest as to who can shout the loudest for "Heaven, Home and Mother," "The Sanctity of the Ho-o-me," "The virtues of our Christian Peepul," "The Constitution and the Flag," and—of course—"The enforcement of the Lawww." Under the militant sign of the flapdoodling Eagle and the glorious memories of Abraham Lincoln, the election usually slides through to the usual triumph of the Grand Old Party. If a cog slips and the Eagle loses its scream, you can be sure that the slip has been ordered in advance.

So—I am for a new party—to oppose the one party we now have. For, having only one party, how can we have any real issues? How can we have anything but dodges and evasions, platitudes and generalities, truckling and cowardice?

If the people are to have the real truth in this campaign, there must be a SECOND party to meet the double-headed bi-partisan ONE.

And there must be a real man to lead it!

He must be the most popular presidential possibility in the United States.

And that is Will Rogers—of course.

Why is Will so popular? Not so much because he makes us laugh, but because he really knows us and he knows what he is talking about. And most of all he knows the politicians. He is mighty kind to them in his kidding. But he is dead on to them—and they know it. I have seen them laughing their fool heads off at Will's jokes, but all the time they were anxious because they know that everything Will says is true; and the truth hurts, especially in politics.

Recently I heard Will deliver his famous lecture (he doesn't call it that) on politics and politicians. And if there is any issue, personality or question, national or international, that he does not know more about than most of the statesmen, in or out of Congress, I want somebody to tell me what it is. It is the man that knows what Rogers knows, and isn't afraid to say it, that is needed in the White House.

Will Rogers will make the people laugh. But what is more important, he will make them think. And it takes a real man to do that in these days when the real joke seems to be about oil, and Sinclair and Fall and Teapot Dome. It is high time that we quit taking such serious matters as jokes.

They will be serious enough when Will gets through with the enemy, in the hilarious campaign just ahead of us.

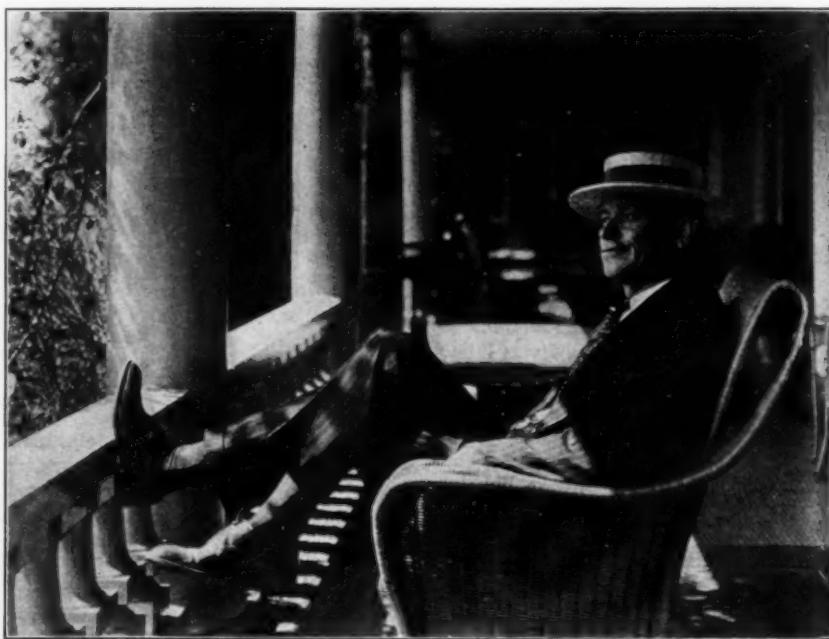
The people trust Will. They believe in him. They love him as they did Lincoln—the only other superhuman and superhumorous President. For with humanity and humor there always go just the good old homely virtues. And the good old homely virtues, of which Will has plenty, were the chief asset of our Andrew Jacksons and those pioneers who made great statesmen and Presidents.

In their self-made manhood they hadn't as much "book learnin'" as Will confesses to. But they had what this country needs: genuine honesty; freedom from cant, hypocrisy and sham; the courage of true independence. And above all, they had that God-given quality of unashamed simplicity that enables a man to be the friend of Cowboys and Kings—to earn the trust and the confidence of all people.

It is great to know that another of that vanishing type still exists:

Will Rogers, of the United States of the World—the invincible candidate for the Presidency of the United States of America.

Ben B. Lindsey.



Our Candidate—*He Chews to Run*



The Revolution Against Bunk Has Started

BETWEEN now and November 6, this nation is going to enjoy the most sensational presidential campaign in its history.

Will Rogers is in the field!

Four years ago, he received a scattering of votes for the Democratic nomination in the gruesome convention in Madison Square Garden. On Election Day, of the same year, a considerable number of citizens throughout the country took the trouble to write Will Rogers' name on the ballot.

Since then, Rogers has been growing in strength steadily as a presidential candidate. His extraordinary performance in the rôle of Ambassador-Without-Portfolio has made a profound impression on his countrymen. The American public is beginning to regard Will Rogers as the foremost crusader against the Demon of Bunk.

Every straw vote that has been held in recent months has indicated an increasing popular sentiment for Will Rogers, and for the principles of Humor, Humanity and Common Sense that Will Rogers represents.

In the forest of presidential timber, Rogers stands out like a giant redwood in a grove of saplings.

Six months ago, we formed tentative plans for the organization of a new party, dedicated solely and simply to the elimination of bunk. We invited Will Rogers to be its candidate. At first he refused to accept the nomination, on the ground that he might be elected. At length—in fact, last week—he decided to accept, and his first speech appears herewith.

This campaign will be conducted under the auspices of LIFE, and Will Rogers' campaign speeches will be published every week in LIFE's pages. This will enable him to remain at his home and avoid the wear and tear, the back-slapping and hand-shaking, of a speaking tour.

In next week's issue of LIFE, Rogers will announce the basis of his platform, and in subsequent issues he will name the members of his cabinet, ask embarrassing questions of the Republican and Democratic candidates and answer questions that are directed at him.

Don't get the idea that this is all just a big joke. Read the accompanying keynote speech by Judge Lindsey, and you will realize that the Rogers Party has a serious purpose. Before this campaign is over, a lot of professional politicians will

be trying to persuade Will Rogers not to make his humor so darned pointed.

WE need hardly add that we want volunteers for the Rogers Party. As Our Candidate explains in his speech of acceptance, we can't buy any votes, as we have no campaign funds. But we shall be glad to hear from all those loyal Americans—and there are millions of them—who have become sick and tired of the words "Republican" and "Democrat," and who don't care to be burdened with either.

The Rogers Party—unlike the other two parties—is open to the public at large. If you have any suggestions for platform planks, or for cabinet officers, or if you have any questions to ask of Our Candidate—send them to the Rogers Campaign Headquarters, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Join the Will Rogers Party *now*; seize a good front seat on the band-wagon; add your voice to the merry chorus that is going to laugh the bunk out of politics.

This promises to be the most glorious Party ever thrown.

LIFE.

The Following Representative Americans Have Indorsed Will Rogers' Nomination:

HENRY FORD

JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

GEN. WILLIAM MITCHELL

HAROLD LLOYD

BABE RUTH

RING LARDNER

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

REV. FRANCIS J. DUFFY

ROY HOWARD

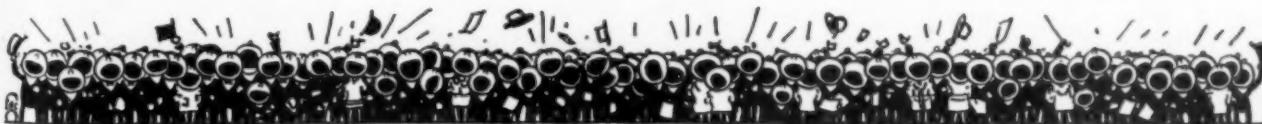
CLARE BRIGGS

TEX RICKARD

GLENN H. CURTISS

GRANTLAND RICE

CHARLES DANA GIBSON





FIRST MOVIE ACTRESS: Why the tears, dearie?

SECOND (sobbing): I-I-I don't bub-bub-bub-believe your husband loves me any more!

Try This on Your Pianola

I HAVE a great idea for making a million dollars out of nothing—a quaint and unique plan to utilize the holes in Swiss cheese—an eminently practical dream to vary the monotonous pattern of the compacted curd along more melodic lines.

I conceived this nifty notion one night after my company had departed, leaving five slices of Swiss cheese unconsumed upon the platters behind them. My eye roved from the cheese to the pianola records—and noted an astounding resemblance. Quickly I took up my crocheting needle, emptied the platters, sewed the cheese slices together, and then, with feet vigorously working away at the pedals, ran them through the pianola.

Imagine my astonishment to hear the Swiss cheese playing:

O—yo—yo layee

O—yoh layee—

O—yoh layee—ee yo...

Just like that it went. From the first piece to the second, from the second to the third...on to the end, it was all one piece:

O yo—yo lay-ee—

Even the mustard on the last slice failed to vary the strain.

"Bah!" I cried, at a finale that differed no note from the vamp. "This is nothing, absolutely nothing, to what can be done

with a more intelligent patterning of the perforations!"

And the very next day I sailed with my pianola for Switzerland, where I got myself a job as a hole-puncher in a

cheesery. At the end of the first day, the manager called me to his office.

"Young man," he cried, waving several slices of my handiwork before my eyes, "do you think you can punch holes in this cheese wherever you like and get away with it?"

As luck would have it, the manager, who was a music lover, had a pianola in his office. Taking the cheese tenderly, I wound a slice around the cylinder.

"Listen!" I murmured, as I began to pump the pedals. It was an ancient and mellow Swiss, seasoned like an old violin; and its tune was "The Rustle of Spring!"....

As in a dream, the manager listened; then, as the final note was struck, he rushed up and embraced me.

"Marvelous!" cried he. "My boy, the ripe cheeses of Switzerland shall yet be heard in Carnegie Hall!"

So there you have the story of my unique invention. We have already opened a huge manufacturing plant in Geneva, just across the street from the League of Nations. These are some of the selections which will soon be issued on our Orthophonic Cheese Rolls:

"Follow the Swallow," "My Heart Stood Still," "Comin' Between the Rye," "Holy, Holy, Holy," "I Miss My Swiss" and a wide variety of classical pieces.

Our laboratory research department is now working on another big idea of mine, which is to manufacture Swiss cheese flutes.

Cyril B. Egan.



SHE GROWS ON YOU



Opening of the Season in Spain

The Mayor of Madrid Throws Out the First Bull

Two Jim Tully Fans Meet

"HELLO, Archie, are your clothes varmin-infested this morning?"

"Sure, but it would do me good to beat the bullet head from your body!"

"You'll be a broken and mangled ruin

when I'm through with you, Archie! You'll spit teeth and tonsils, damn you!"

"Hell! When I sock my sledges into your yellow belly you'll grunt like a mad-man in a gale, Oscar! I'm a bruiser! A bone-cracker! A skull-smashing demon with a quivering bloody mouth!"

"If I hit you the Big Guy will call your name! All the yeggs in creation will dance a jig on your grave!"

"Hell! Well, so long, old man! I'll have to be getting back to the rubber goods counter."

"So long, Archie."

P. S. P.



ALONG THE MAIN STEM

DEAR PÁL WILLARD:

Far be it from me to torment you, mine pel, with the fun all of us are having along the Broadway sector, but the chuckles are terrific and the clowning is plenty nice. Spring has sprung at last, the gals look gorgeous in their new organdies, and the giggle water peddled in the various lah-de-dahs is still selling at one buck a convulsion. The only illusions shattered since you went straight and became a provincial again are that Coca-Cola with an aspirin dissolved in it doesn't provide the wallop that somebody said it did, and that the initials "S. A." do not stand for "Sex Appeal" but mean "Suspended Animation." At any rate, the next time you hear them sotto-voce



that a femme is messy with "S. A." you'll be "getting the office" that she is the type that wonders how you get that way and insists upon having the taxi light on when you're taking her home.

The stem is still groaning about such a pill, who probably will never live down her faux pas of last week. The dope, a Ziegfeld Pholly, had been invited to dine at the Ritz by a Wall Streeter who is generous and not too fresh. When he called at the stage door, however, she had another vroom-vroom with her and she cooed: "My li'l girl fren' hasn't anyone taking her to dinner. I hope you don't mind her coming with us?" Being a regular, he proceeded to the Ritz, where the Aggravators, who apparently were never out before, ordered enough food to satisfy six persons.

Suddenly the fellow excused himself to make a phone call. The gals went ahead stuffing themselves and at seven forty-five they began to worry. At eight o'clock, with a half-hour to curtain

time, they grew pale, which was when the captain, who had been instructed to watch them, came over and politely said: "Your friend was called away and told me to tell you the check was settled. He also said to give you this box."

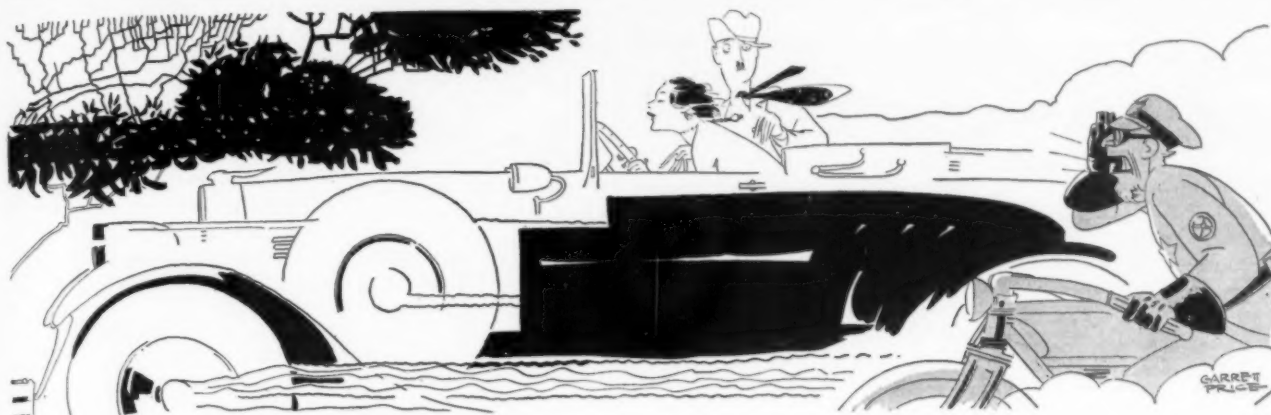
They excitedly opened the carton, which contained a dozen club sandwiches and a note which read: "I left these so that you wouldn't get hungry on your way back to the theater."

The second best come-back was registered over at Texas Guinan's asylum when she refused to okay a certain drunk's check. "Then do me a favor," he chirped so all could hear, "my drink is warm; please dig down into your heart and fetch up some cracked ice!" I collapsed, Willard.

Did you know that Longacre Square was named after Long Acre in London, to which it was compared in 1872 because it became the center of Gotham's carriage trade? That the only trees in the Incandescent District are located in the backyards of 46th Street speakeasies? And that Greenwich Village apartments are called "Stewdios"? ... Before I for-



"You'd better pull up your shoulder-strap, dearie; you might catch cold."



THE CALL OF THE OPEN ROAD

get it, Elsie Janis has patented a new hair medicine. Aunt Jemima of "Show Boat," who weighs ten pounds less than Grant's Tomb, makes the best spaghetti in New York. "Crazy Rhythm" from "Here's Howe!" gets you that way, and Mrs. Samuel Insull is due here soon, but not to act, thank God!

Well, Willard, you'll be glad to hear I'm now on the way to earning my second million—having given up all thoughts of acquiring the first.

Walter Winchell.

(Here is another reply to Mr. Winchell's wide-open letters.)

Along the Main Street

DEAR PAL WALTER:

Well, old boy, I'm starting off with a whizz. The latest along the flagstones of Main St. is "Let a snicker be your slicker on a rainy, rainy day." Not so bad for the burdocks, eh, boy? Yes, the old gent is getting to be a regular "ah-ah." Says the branches off the Main Stem are being pruned so that it may have all the saps possible.

Well, there hasn't been much doing locally of a sensational nature. Ye Dew Droppe Inne has been promoting bi-weekly hops with a fair response from the populace. So you see we are not sax-starved. Something that goes well on the floor is, "Been taking dancing lessons?" They have to say, "No." Say, then, "Well, how do you get that sway?" It's a twenty-count kayo.

What do you think regarding the coming election? Hoover'll be the next tenant, as local dope goes. The boys at the Square Deal Service Station held a straw vote the other day and elected him. Being a

representative lot, they were so struck with their results that they wired him their congratulations, with the appended advice to ease off any more campaigning as it would tend to simplify the ensuing investigation. It was a close election, though, Walter, and Smith led until the very end. In fact, it looked for a time as if Smith were elected, but two (2) Hoover ballots were found under the sweatband of Howard Barstow's hat—we were using his for an improvised ballot box—which gave Hoover the Office. Here are the results of the election, tabulated:

HOOVER	SMITH	P. WANER
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Not exactly a leadslide, as they say in Chi, eh? Well, I'll have to close now, as there are a couple of cats taking a sunbath in our pansy bed.

_____?

P. S. Keep out of the tabloids.

IF POETS TOLD THE TRUTH

POEMS are made by fools like me;
But any nut can make a tree.

Carolyn Wells.



KEEPING THE PARTY PURE
Mr. Meeks Gives a Congressman Back His Cigar



THE POLITICAL FRONT

The Republican Nomination

Twice a week since 1921 Mr. Andrew Mellon and Mr. Herbert Hoover have been in contact with each other at Cabinet meetings in the White House. These opportunities for mutual scrutiny have



not been productive of high admiration on either side. Mr. Mellon does not fancy Mr. Hoover, who is simply not his kind of man. Mr. Hoover, on the other hand, regards Mr. Mellon with icy distaste. I will not attempt to fathom the

logic of these antipathies, but set them down as a fact.

The Secretary of the Treasury will arrive at Kansas City early in June at the head of Pennsylvania's delegation of seventy-nine, this being the second largest group of votes in the Convention. It will be a delegation technically uncommitted to any delegate. Mr. Mellon hopes to nominate President Coolidge, whom he considers best for Pennsylvania and the Nation. He will, on that account, view with extreme pleasure any show of strength on the part of Frank O. Lowden or Charles G. Dawes. If the nomination of either of these gentlemen should impend, it is Mr. Mellon's theory that the President would accept a nomination in a spirit of patriotic sacrifice. Mr. Coolidge would thereafter defeat Alfred E. Smith and Mr. Mellon would have four more years to continue his demonstration of parity with Alexander Hamilton.

Our famous friend from Pittsburgh has unhappily been forced, however, to say a good word for Herbert Hoover, and a good word from Mr. Mellon is a very good word indeed. Mr. Mellon wrote this word into his speech at Philadelphia at the last moment, with the object of placating and conciliating a definite demonstration of Hoover sentiment in the Pennsylvania delegation. It was not a gracious or generous word. Involuntary

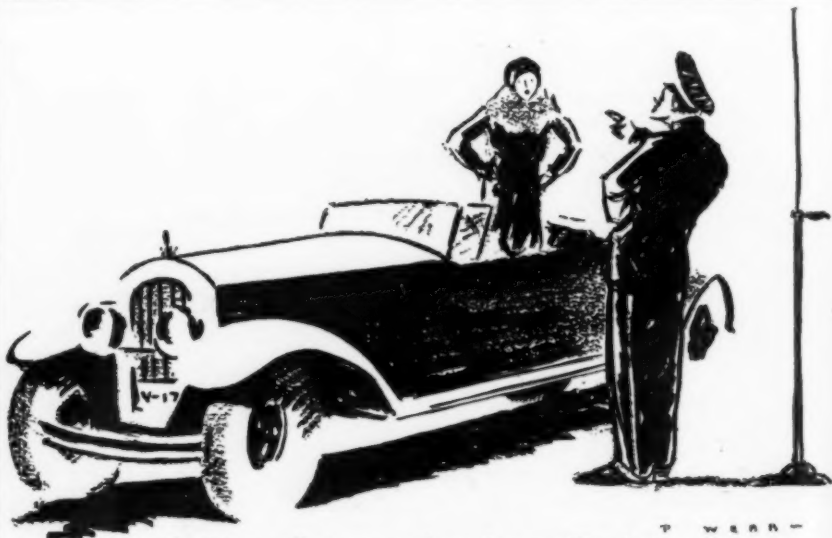
expressions of enthusiasm seldom are. But it partially disarmed those pro-Hoover elements in Pennsylvania that were becoming very suspicious of Mr. Mellon's intentions at Kansas City. For a man who prefers Mr. Coolidge first, and Mr. Hughes second, it is no fun to indorse Herbert Hoover. And it will be even less fun for Mr. Mellon to vote for his Cabinet associate on the third or fourth ballot at the Convention.

The Mellon power in Republican politics in Pennsylvania has always been due to the great wealth it represented. There are signs that this influence is speedily diminishing, although not for any moral reason. The Mellon group financed their campaigns and their candidates on so august and expensive a scale in their State that opponents in the lower brackets of income had no show whatever. Republican politics in Pennsylvania is now to be brought within the resources of the ordinary millionaire.



Thus Mr. Hoover is enjoying his moment of triumph over Mr. Mellon. Low murmurs of gloating are heard in the Department of Commerce. Mr. Hoover continues to issue voluminous batches of statistics on foreign and domestic commerce, but his heart is not in them. A subordinate who slipped an estimate of Mr. Hoover's vote on the first ballot into a press release on trade with Russia was admonished for his enthusiasm. (I do not vouch for this story; it probably came from Indiana.) Everybody except a few persons with grouches admits that Mr. Hoover is as good as nominated, but I understand that in the tentative slates of his Cabinet the post of Secretary of the Treasury is thus far blank. Gratitude has its limits.

I HAVE never placed any stock in the engaging statement that Mr. Mellon sometimes thinks of himself as a candidate. He has no delusions in that direction. Nor do I think that Vice-President Dawes is very optimistic about his own chances, although he is in a condition of acute receptivity. On the other hand, Senator Charles Curtis of Kansas is quite confident that something will happen—he doesn't know just what—to thwart Mr. Hoover, and that thereupon Mr. Curtis will be nominated as a compromise. In his haste to get up to New York to confer with Charles D. Hilles, Mr. Curtis has been dropping all kinds of legislation, willing to abandon anything or agree to anything that would accelerate the adjournment of Congress. In this enterprise, he has had hearty support on the Democratic side from Senator J. T. Robinson,



"Look here, officer—you can't speak to me like that."
"Oh, yes, I can, miss—I'm versatile as hell in my speech."

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POST OFFICE



TELEGRAPHS.

Government Telegram.

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TO { NLT- H.R.H. Prince of Wales
London

Westerners here recognize you as
great horseman but many unfamiliar
with steeplechasing and can't
understand frequent falls greatly
appreciate personal letter from you
explaining this Thanks

A. J. Ritchie Editor
Seattle Wash Star

A CABLE TO THE PRINCE OF WALES

Above is a facsimile of a cable that was received recently by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. It was sent by Mr. A. J. Ritchie, editor of the Seattle (Wash.) Star. The Prince read this strange missive, and did not quite know how to answer it. So he turned the cable over to a representative of LIFE in London, with the request that LIFE undertake to answer Mr. Ritchie's question in his behalf. Always glad to oblige a Prince, we have asked Mr. Robert Benchley to prepare the required reply, which is published in the column to your right.

of Arkansas, who will probably be Permanent Chairman of the Democratic Convention and who would not object to being nominated for Vice-President.

Senator Walter Edge of New Jersey is willing to gamble on the Vice-Presidency, with Herbert Hoover as his running-mate. He has already contributed \$1,000 to Mr. Hoover, an earnest of more to come. Reed of Missouri really believes he will ditch Alfred E. Smith, and Watson of Indiana is certain he will dictate the Republican nominee, if he isn't nomi-

nated himself. It is a merry spectacle, and simply shows how otherwise sensible men go psychopathic at "being mentioned" for the Presidency.

It is stated on excellent authority that even John Pershing, General of the Armies in retirement, thinks that the Republican National Convention may nominate him, although he hasn't a single delegate. I expect to hear any day—confidentially, of course—that the nominee will turn out to be William H. Taft.

Henry Suydam.

Mr. Benchley's Reply to Mr. Ritchie of Seattle

SINCE His Royal Highness has intrusted us with the responsibility of explaining to the Seattle (Wash.) Star just how it is that a good rider can fall from a horse, we should like to know a little more clearly just to whom we are explaining. Mr. Ritchie, the editor, says that, of course, Westerners understand and think the Prince a great horseman. So we don't have to explain to Mr. Ritchie or his fellow-cowboys. The "many unfamiliar with steeplechasing" referred to in Mr. Ritchie's cable must, then, be Easterners. Presumably they are very small Easterners, perhaps between the ages of four and eight. At any rate, we will proceed on that assumption.

In the first place, any explanation of how people fall from horses, and especially how a Prince falls from a horse, must be prefaced with a short outline of several of the facts of life. You must know, then, that centuries and centuries ago, even before there were any horses at all (or, at any rate, when the things that passed for horses were so ridiculous-looking and so big that they couldn't have taken even the smallest of modern jumps), as long ago as that people began to realize that this funny old Earth possesses powers of attraction. Nobody has ever discovered just what this Earth's attraction is, because the Lord knows it isn't pretty or even sensual and would be the last thing you would expect to be alluring. But attract things it does, especially things in mid-air. You know how things in mid-air are anyway. They fall for the first pretty face without giving a thought for the consequences. And there is something about old Mother Earth which is practically irresistible to them.

Well, then! This strange attraction which the Earth has was definitely named once by Sir Isaac Newton after a painful experience with an apple which it is pleasanter not to talk about. He called it the Law of Gravitation, probably one of the least applicable names he could think of at the time. And this Law of Gravitation states (Sec. 46, Paragraph 3) that no particle or particles of Matter shall be allowed, or permitted, to remain hanging in the air without some connection with, or motive force appertaining to, the Earth itself. Of course, this is one of the most absurdly paternal pieces of legislation ever passed, but it is still in effect. And on this law depends the crux of the whole matter of falling from horses.

(Continued on page 19)



The Observation Platform

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NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS

Baltimore

BERT RITCHIE, our genial Gov., will have to wait until 1936 by the looks of things and Al Smith.

***Jim Tully, from out Hollywood way, was in our midst figuring out a motion picture with Sara Haardt and greeting old friends in the tap house. The way Jim talks is a caution.

✱ Henry Mencken, the Hollins St. fashion-plate, wore out the suspenders bequeathed him by the late Rudolph Valentino, and is sporting a new pair of blue silk with red dice embroidered on them. Look out, girls.

***Frank Kent can't seem to make up his mind whether he is for Al Smith or Herb Hoover or either.

***Willie Woolcott, brother of Alex and more famous as the original author of "I Am a One Hundred Per Cent. American," the new national anthem, is ailing.

***The boys and girls are keeping company in the park these balmy evenings, and our gallant constables are looking the other way.

***Chum McLaughlin, our smiling theater prop., is fixing up to go to Venice in June. "Don't take any wooden nickels" is what Chum hears on all sides.

✱ Logan Clendenning, M.D., who wrote the popular family doctor book, over-ate at the Rennett Hotel last wk.

Gilbert Kanour.

Seattle

PROF. J. W. HOTSON, out at the University of Washington, recently had a mushroom named after him. Nice going, professor.

***Mayor Bertha K. Landes was an interested spectator at Schumann-Heink's farewell concert a few days ago. Madame Heink has been to this fair city on farewell concerts before.

✱ A young man at the Mecca pool hall said Saturday that our ball team has not lost so many games this week, because it was raining all the time. His companions showed him the error of his ways in no uncertain terms and in short order.

***Chief of Police Searing is wondering what he will do when Frank Edwards, our new mayor, goes into office. Rumor has it that he will quit.

***Miss Nancy Ann Miller of here was quietly united in matrimony to M. Indore, out-of-town man, according to several. The young folks sure kept it quiet. *Sid Patzer.*

Indianapolis

CLEAN-UP, Paint-up Week, conducted by the Junior Chamber of Commerce, was a big success, as was Music Week which followed. Other "weeks" will be announced as they occur.

***We listened with pleasure to Dick Powell's new record of "Coquette." What kind of cigarettes do you smoke, Dick?

***Several readers have inquired as to whether Kenyon and Meredith Nicholson are any relation to each other. No, they are no relation. Kenyon is a playwright and Meredith is a Democrat.

***Our efficient postmaster, Robert Bryson, says that this year's postal receipts are greater than last year's. We just wonder if Bob reads all the postal cards.

***We saw the recruiting officer at the corner of Illinois and Washington Streets talking to a young fellow the other day. They say jobs are getting scarce again.

✱ Police have been having a hard time tracing hit-and-run drivers with nothing to work on, so Claude Worley, our efficient chief of police, asks that persons who are struck by autos kindly take the number of the offending car.

Henry Alfreds.

Toledo

SHAKESPEARE's birthday was celebrated quietly here.

***The weather has been causing quite a lot of discussion, some saying it is crazy and a lot of others contending on the other hand that it is terrible. There is much to be said on both sides, say we.

***Mrs. Felkley, Pres. of the Women's Association of the Third Presbyterian

Church, has appointed Mrs. J. C. Moore chairman of the committee on suppers for this year, Mrs. Mary Shephard chairman of the committee on cook books, Mrs. Earl Harpst chairman of the committee on vanilla, and Mrs. Margaret Baird chairman of the committee on devotionals and publicity. Congrats, girls, and listen, Marg, any time you want some space in Neighborhood News just give us a call. We aim to please.

***Connie Curtis was crowned "Miss Toledo" the other night at Madison Gardens, she being judged the most beautiful girl there.

***Edwin Markham was the guest here recently of Dr. Elwood Rowsey and spoke at Dr. Rowsey's church. Mr. Markham is the author of an original poem entitled "The Man With the Hoe."

✱ The Knight Cab Co. wants twenty cab drivers at once. Must be married, the Knight Co. says. Drivers who are betrothed or undecided need not apply. —*Advt.*

***Everybody is proud of how the new Union Station tower sticks up in our skyline. When it comes to skylines we don't have to take a back-seat for anybody. *Old Subscriber.*

Boston

JAS. J. PHELAN, the head man down at Hornblower & Weeks, is back from a trip to Europe. He reports a good time in spite of an unnecessary amount of rain.

***The Back Bay station, which recently suffered from a conflagration, will have an information booth, slot machines and other big improvements when it is rebuilt.

***Clement E. Kennedy, the popular prop. of the New Ocean House at Swampscott, has sent to London for a new pair of patent leather shoes. Clem likes 'em with a small military heel.

✱ A new filling station was dedicated in Dorchester last week with appropriate ceremonies.

***Several of our ministers are revamping their summer sermons on the scan-

dalous one-piece bathing suits they will see at Nantasket Beach this season.

***Several of our local city councilmen got into the circus on free passes this week.

***Louis K. Liggett has been out of town recently on a hunting trip. He bagged three fine corners for Rexall drug stores.

***Several of our Republican politicians who have Kansas City reservations at the Muehlenbach Hotel are having considerable difficulty with how to pronounce it. Charley Innis, who is an authority on Republican politics, says Muehlenbach is accented on the antepenult, which still leaves several of the delegates in the dark.

***Prof. Kittredge, the Shakespeare expert at Harvard, is hard put to find a good place to eat since the Adams House closed.

✂ If you don't see your name here, look for it next week.—*Adv.*

Neal O'Hara.

Omaha

MAJOR LEAGUE scouts: Keep your eye on Bernie James, Cricket second baseman.

***F. H. Davis oversaw construction of an addition to the Davis domicile this week.

✂ Wayland Magee was in to renew his subscription. "LIFE is real farm relief," says Wayland.

***The Wm. Newton Jr.'s. are learning Swedish to talk to their maid. Lucky she isn't Chinese, Bill.

***John W. Gamble spoke to the Junior Chamber of Commerce on chemistry. He said we are living in a synthetic age. We guess John is right.

***The Tyler Belts, Mrs. E. M. Morsman Jr., Mrs. Paul Gallagher, Mrs. George B. Prinz and Miss Daphne Peters dug dandelions this week.

***Mrs. Sarah Joslyn has begun a \$3,000,000 art memorial building. Now the visiting English lecturers will have a suitable place to insult us in.

B. F. Sylvester.

Jacksonville

EDITOR JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES, II, has a penchant for tennis. It's leap year, John, so beware of love sets with the fair sex.

***A new headquarters fire station is planned here. The red galluses and checker board have already arrived.

✂ Jacob M. Dahl of Washington, D. C., government tax expert, was a recent visitor to our midst. Come again, Jake, but not on business say we.

***Game Warden Charlie Jones has received fifteen head of wild turkeys from the wilds of North Dakota and turned them loose in the woods of Volusia County. Ought to be some good hunting there some day, fellow Nimrods.

***Thomas A. Edison has made known his plans for trying out rubber growing in the Everglades. Hope your rubber grows for years at a stretch, Tom.

P. H. Armstrong.

Detroit

"BUD" KELLAND who used to send in items for a newspaper here is writing some quite interesting pieces in the Saturday Evening Post. How does it feel to be up there among the intellectuals, Bud?

✂ So many cars were parked along the street Friday afternoon that it looked as if another school election was being held.

***The Rev. Reinhold Niebuhr who has filled our pulpit with such success for many years has answered a call to preach and teach in New York, N. Y. Well, by all accounts that town isn't getting a preacher any too soon.

***Our slender and graceful Governor Green was passing along the street one day lately when a brick falling from a building under construction just missed his head, a most unfortunate accident.

***Lake vessels are steaming up and down the river in a steady procession now, and make quite a sight for visitors. It may not be generally known that more traffic passes this port than passes any other port in the world—and passes it quicker.

✂ Anne Campbell wrote a poem yesterday.

***We see Henry Ford's surplus in the bank and the old pitcher behind the clock was reduced to \$642,000,000 during production of the new car. Well, if he's willing to settle down in the country where living is cheap and keep a cow and a few chickens, he can get along comfortably on that, and needn't want for anything.

***Chase S. Osborne is the choice of Michigan delegates for Republican Vice-President. Don't forget to send a postal card to the old friends when you go to Washington, Governor.

Elmer C. Adams.

Denver

HARRY HUFFMAN, Kenaz Huffman's brother, has reopened the America Theater as Huffman's America and installed the Vitaphone.

***Henry Toll, who sat next to Queen Marie, also sat next to Ethel Barrymore the day she objected to Forrest Rutherford's suggestion as to how the play should have ended.

***Mayor Stapleton, who has got his new airport lined up, was given free tickets to the Junior League Follies by the publicity committee, consisting of Mesdames Philip Alexander, Miriam Berger and Edgar McComb.

✂ Shraiburg's Floral Shoppe is selling lots of baby turtles in connection with pushing goldfish sales.

***The eyes of the entire state were focused on Denver during Music Week. Clarence Moore, Earl Scholl, Blanche Da Costa and many others appeared in "The Chocolate Soldier," a famous opera based on "Arms and the Man," by George Bernard Shaw, an English playwright.

T. H. Ferri.

New York

YESTERDAY WAS Memorial Day, Hurrah for the blue! hurrah for the gray! PANSY.

***Last Saturday was a beautiful day hereabouts and our streets were filled with autos and pedestrians.

***We met Milt Livingston the well-known baker on the street yesterday and gave him a good idea to advertise his rolls for the swell trade. Royce Rolls. But he said it was an old gag.

***Pretty near Traffic Day, or the first anniversary of the day Mayor Walker left to go abroad in order to study the transit problem.

***Henry Sydnor Harrison is occupying his Westport, Conn., farm for part of the heated term.

***Arthur Martin the shoe man is celebrating the 27th anniversary of his leaving Cleveland, it being also the 27th anniversary of the day we asked him to take out some fire insurance. He sold us two prs. shoes and didn't take the policy.

***Charley Heaslip says business in the Holland Tunnel is big these days.

***J. J. Tunney is contemplating taking a business trip to N. Y. in a few weeks.

✂ Write in or phone in your items if you want the paper to be interesting.—*Adv.* *Franklin P. Adams.*



MRS. PEP'S DIARY

May AT LAST we have found a coffee which does proclaim itself by
31st an aroma in preparation, one of the pleasantest and most appetizing scents I know, and to which I did gratefully awaken. Lord! It seems years, save at odd and accidental moments, since I have had a decent cup of coffee, nor do I wish to tempt the gods by waxing too enthusiastic over our present brand, for that it is a new one, and I am mindful of the adage about brooms. In morning discourse with Sam I did learn that he means to lay out two hundred and eighty-five dollars for a sun-ray machine in the belief that his health will be benefited thereby, and forasmuch as I do know that he will never use it more than twice, I am sad that he is not going one or two hundred dollars farther and getting me the popcorn wagon I have always wanted, for, albeit it might incommode us somewhat to dispose of it suitably in the house, it is my only hope of ever getting any good popcorn at home, and furthermore, as I have frequently pointed out, if we

should ever suffer serious financial losses, a popcorn wagon could be instantly wheeled to the nearest street corner and run at a handsome profit. Luncheon at Marge Boothby's, the poor zany so depressed that she could scarce touch her soft-shell crabs and grilled tomatoes, and she did speak seriously of going in for spiritual matters as an antidote, but I am sure that what she needs is liver treatment and, above all, considerable new raiment, since I do hold firmly with Dryden that there is a peace which cometh from being well dressed that religion can never bestow. So, persuading Marge to the same effect, off to the shops, strongly resolved to purchase nought myself, but when I did spot a tricorn which seemed as if it had been made by angels especially for me, I did lay out thirty-five dollars for it and wear it home, and Sam, moved by its combination with my cape coat, did exclaim, "The Spirit of '76!" and inquire where I had left my drum, and I do set down here that I consider remarks of that variety more suitable grounds for divorce than many which are in the statutes.

June Lay late, pondering this and
1st that, in especial the weak clasp on my new purse, and how dreadful it would be to have it fly open and spill at Madison Avenue and Forty-ninth Street. Then Sam come for me in my new car, the ownership of which has aroused within me an instinct which suggests that some of my ancestry may date from Billingsgate, for I do long to address truck and taxi drivers in their own language, and I have a fine line of it, too, having once taken a course in Elizabethan drama which at the time did not seem as if it would be of much use in my future life. In fact, my attitude was that of Jennie Allen's family towards her nephew's early adventures with the classics: "What's the use of him studyin' Latin? He won't never go there." But now in what stead those splendid epithets would stand me if my husband would but let me employ them! The afternoon gone in reading magazines, and I was much smitten by an article wrote by Richmond Barrett for *Harper's* called "Babes in the Bois," which does show up our young expatriates who run along the Left Bank with copies of "Ulysses" under their arms, and I was also amused by the sly carelessness with which the author does decrease his sister's age. This day our cousin M. did bring us a fine jar of caviar from Buck's Club, London, and I regret to set down that we did finish it off before midnight.

Baird Leonard.



"My dear, I'm going to have a marvelous trip! The boat hasn't even sailed, and I've seen four interesting men already."



"Hey! Catch!"

A SLOW START

ELAINE: Are you making any progress in your new job?

VIVIENNE: Heavens, no! The boss hasn't complimented me on anything but my work.



"WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE'S HOPE"

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ROBERT EMMET SHERWOOD, *Editor*
LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary-Treasurer*



OUR gifted Brother Heywood Broun has become detached

from the New York *World*, of which he has been a coruscating columnist. He is now doing daily pieces for Roy Howard's *Evening Telegram*.

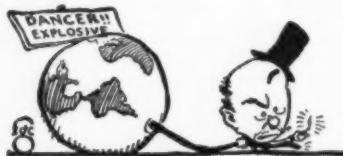
This is news indeed and more exciting, because more local, than the current activities in China. It may be recalled that Mr. Broun lately achieved a temporary detachment from the *World* because of disparity of opinion about the Sacco and Vanzetti case. He said more than the *World* wanted to print and stayed out for several months. It seems he had a three-year contract with the *World* and wished at that time to have it cancelled, but the *World* was not willing.

He resumed his deliverances in the *World* last January, but to the issue of the *Nation* of the 9th of May he contributed a discourse on the need of a liberal paper in New York in which he said that while the *World* came the nearest of all New York dailies to being such a paper, it did not fill the bill. "It does not," he said, "because it switches front so frequently.... So constant were the shifts during the Sacco-Vanzetti case that the paper seemed like an old car going up a hill.... It does not seem to me," said Brother Broun, "that the paper possesses either courage or tenacity," and he made other observations, as that the paper was too tender of offending groups of readers, such as its Swedish readers, its Methodist readers, its Baptist readers, its Italian readers and perhaps above all its Catholic readers. He felt that the *World* was too squeamish to be a really powerful and efficacious liberal paper.

When the gentleman who controls the

World read these observations they seemed to him unsuitable to proceed from a member of the *World* staff, so he fired Mr. Broun for being disloyal to his employment. That presumably terminated the contract between Mr. Broun and the *World* and must be highly satisfactory to Mr. Broun and perhaps to both parties.

People who have had time to read Mr. Broun's column will, of course, regret its absence from the *World's* pages. Somebody else than Mr. Pulitzer might perhaps have been amused with Brother Broun's criticisms of the *World*. Papers that hire columnists must surely want them to speak their minds. When the menagerie owner exhibits a cage of wild-cats he does not want them to behave like domesticated kittens. It may be, too, that Mr. Broun as a critic of the *World* was a particularly diverting writer and so more valuable as a columnist, so of course Mr. Pulitzer might have gone along with Brother Broun if he had taken him a little more humorously, and of course Brother Broun could have held his job if he had wanted to. Nobody holds any job who does not take some thought about his employer.



THE REQUISITE of making explosions with a loud report and scattering of pieces is that the explosive should be confined. If it is not confined it makes, as a rule, a flash and some smoke but not much noise. This may not be true of all explosives, but probably is of most of them. Brother Broun needs to be tamped down somewhere if he is really to fulminate. He continues his connection with Mr. Villard's *Nation*, and has the Tele-

gram job besides. Whether there will be enough restraint for him in these employments to make him detonate, one cannot say beforehand. Even Mr. Villard, who believes in ample allowances of free speech, can probably be blown up if a proper mine is put under him. So when Brother Broun gets ready to do a piece about the *Nation* and why it is not all one could wish for in a radical paper, let us hope he will find a place to print it.

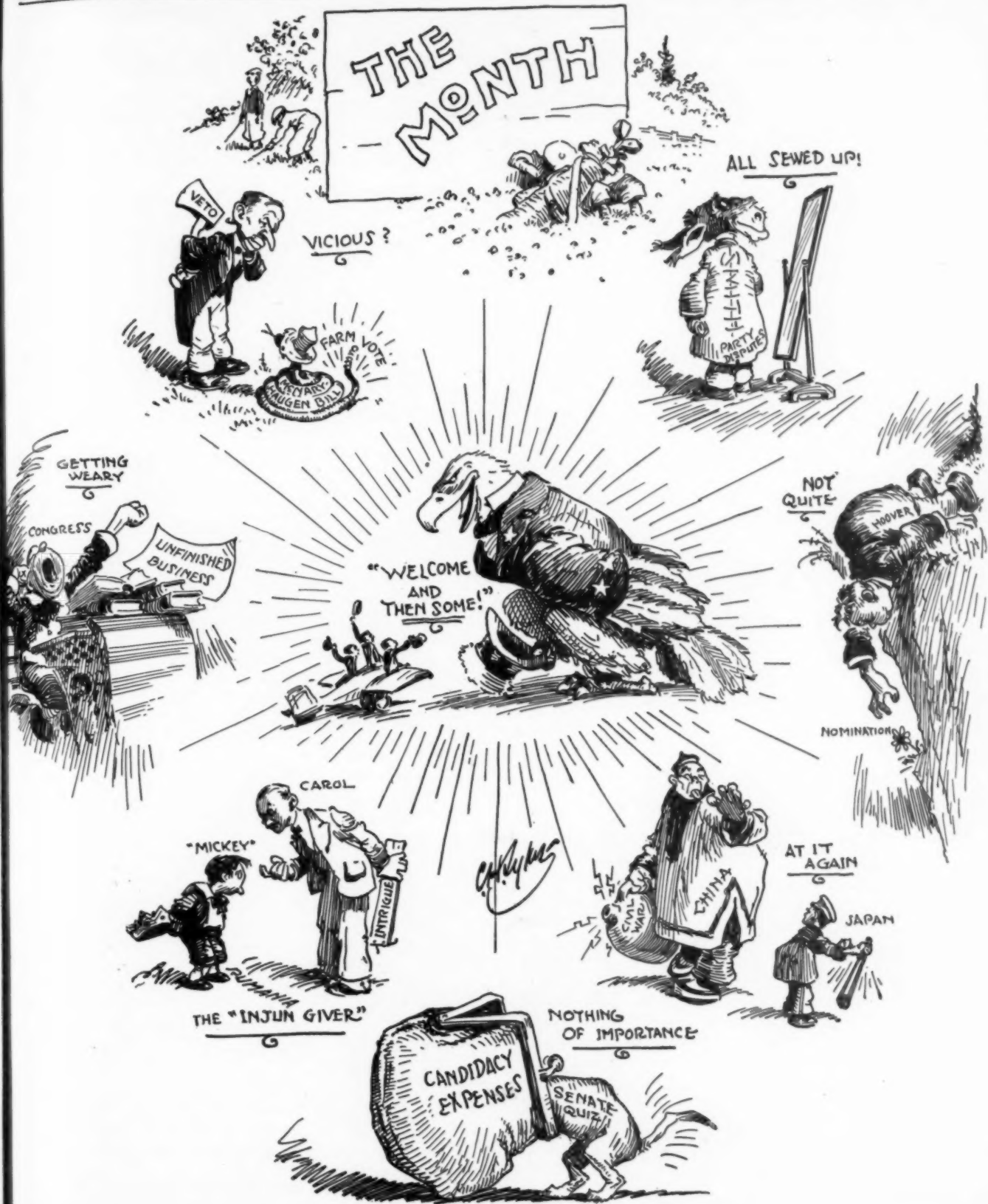
OPINIONS are not so very important; hardly any of them have permanency. The conditions of life change and new opinions crowd out old ones. That is not a reason for grudging people a right to have opinions and even to publish them, but it is a sort of reason for not caring too much what other people think. We cannot live by what other people think. We have to live for better or worse by what we think ourselves. Often enough we don't know what we do think, or we object very much to thinking at all, and in such cases other folks' opinions are more important to us.



WE HAVE excellent newspapers but now and then they run out of matters of importance to communicate. Communication, however, proceeds just the same because the favors of the advertisers have to be accompanied in some degree by reading matter. The forms of our newspapers do not greatly vary, no matter what happens. If there is a vast thrill about something, the headlines run to larger type, but, ordinarily, chicken-pox gets as much notice in headlines as cholera. Foreign news does more for us than it used to. The little discussions between Mussolini and the Pope, the falls of the Prince of Wales in horse races, the latest anxieties about Egypt or China, all help to diversify the entertainment. Discoveries in science help out, as do excavations and rediscoveries of new birth-places of the human race.

Probably these papers that we have are about what we want. We do not ourselves know what we want, but the gentlemen who sell us newspapers take a lot of pains to find out, and if there were ideal papers based on our description of what we thought we wanted, these actual papers that we have would almost certainly beat them out of existence. We want news of the foolish as well as of the wise and certainly we get it.

E. S. Martin.



A Short Conversation

In the Latest Approved Magazine Style

"I," said Donald Sealyham, lowering his lean, good looks into the hammock and regarding the distant stars, "am glad to be back!"

"You," Madge replied from beneath her long lashes, "have been away a long time."

"It," avowed Donald as he lighted a cigarette, "seemed years!"

"I," Madge whispered, the color surging up her graceful neck, "felt the same way!"

"You," Donald exclaimed, his steel-blue eyes boring into her soul, "did?"

"I," was Madge's low answer, barely audible above the murmur of a distant bus, "hope to tell you!"

"It is," Donald's tone was harsh, masterful, "time we married!"

"It is," moaned Madge, tears accumulating in her fine eyes, "n't possible! I am already a bride!"

"You," Donald bellowed, blowing a sleeping bird out of a nearby lilac bush, "are what?"

"He," she murmured, weeping silently, "has a million dollars."

"What," he asked the wide, calm night as he strode angrily down the terrace, his capable hands jammed into the pockets of his well-cut pants, "the hell do you know about that!"

H. F.

SPORTSMEN *and* SPORTS

The Coveted Insignia

At least one of the big colleges—Dartmouth—has abolished the distinction between "major" and "minor" sports. Hereafter at Hanover the varsity "D" will be awarded to tennis players and golfers as well as gridiron heroes and diamond stars. Doubtless other colleges will fall in line in the near future. It is merely another sign of the times. The "minor" sports have come of age.

It should be mentioned that one allegedly "minor" sport suffered great indignity at Dartmouth. That was rifle shooting. It was ruled no sport at all and the Athletic Association turned it over to the tender mercies of the Dartmouth Outdoor Club. Though no official explanation



was given, it was hinted that indoor rifle shooting was not an athletic contest and that outdoor rifle shooting, especially of the extempore kind, provided more exercise for the persons who were shot at than for those who did the shooting.

Nor did Dartmouth solve the famous chess problem. The colleges have been in bitter debate on that point. Is chess a sport, or isn't it? And if not, what is it? The man who gives a lucid answer to this question will be given a season pass to the nearest public library.

In recognizing that many "minor" sports had grown up, Dartmouth retained something of the old prejudice. Thus the varsity letter for football will be seven inches high. The letter for track, baseball and basketball will be six inches high. For all other recognized sports, including tennis and golf, it will be five inches high. But this is nothing to worry about. Only

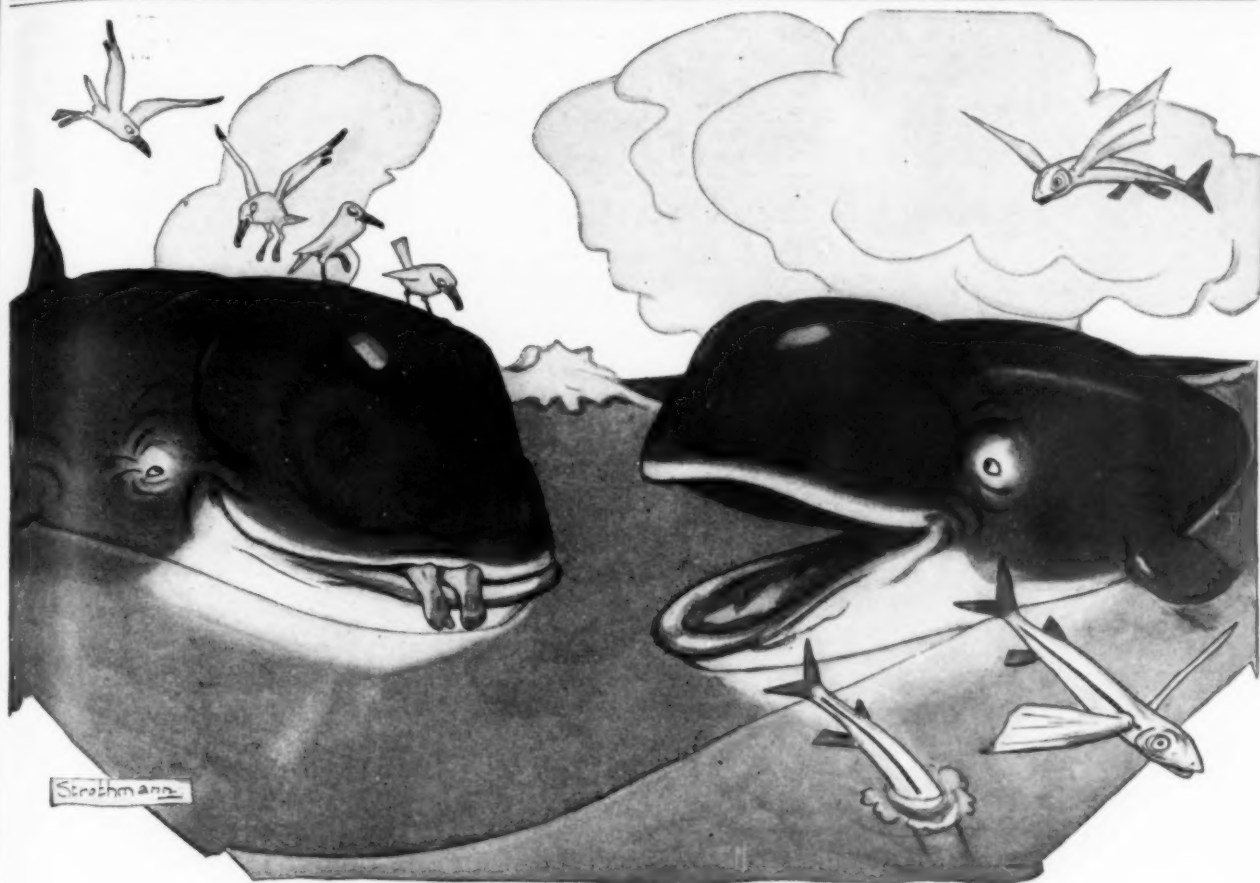
very impertinent strangers will carry tape measures to distinguish the gridiron hero (letter seven inches high) from the strong, silent golfer (letter five inches high). Moreover, several nationally known launderers have deposed that these distinctions will all come out in the wash. After the third tubbing of the varsity sweaters, the letters will all be three inches high and the sweaters themselves will be tight fits for Boy Scouts.

Dartmouth saw the light with regard to "minor" sports when its basketball team won the league championship. Harvard was impressed when Bobby Jones was a golfer, as well as a student, at that institution. Yale gave Jess Sweetser a varsity "Y" for proficiency on the links which included the capture of the national championship as well as the intercollegiate. John Van Ryn will bring Princeton as much honor on the tennis court as some unhappy quarterback who fumbles a punt on the gridiron. Perhaps more.

Granting equal recognition to all collegiate sports is merely simple justice.



MR. NEWRICH (to his butler): James, arrange an orgy this evening. I am entertaining friends.



FIRST WHALE: Are you sure this guy Jonah is all right?
SECOND WHALE: Sure he is; he's just off the boat.

Smashing a tennis ball for months or chasing a golf ball all season for dear old Alma Mater is just as fatiguing as going into the last quarter of the big football game and winning a varsity letter by taking one good kick in the head. Captain "Biff" Jones, Army football coach, says that football is a tea party compared with lacrosse, which is classed as a "minor" sport. And if taking punishment is to determine the size of the varsity letter, a college water-polo player is entitled to a letter at least six feet high. Here's a sport that combines all the thrills of assault and battery with the additional sensations of drowning.

To put it in military terms, the granting of major letters for minor sports will meet with general approval.

John Kieran.

COURTING DANGER

SALLY: Oo! Is that a bull down there at the other end of this field?

EDGAR: Yes, it is. Will you stop using that lipstick?

Mr. Benchley's Reply to Mr. Ritchie of Seattle

(Continued from page 11)

If, for example, you, or the Prince of Wales, or even Mr. Ritchie of the Seattle (Wash.) *Star*, should be on a horse which was jumping a hedge and the horse, through laziness or perversity, should fall, a message is immediately telegraphed to Mother Earth through that wonderful system of wireless by means of which Nature takes care of her children and sees that they get badly hurt every once in a while, and this message, if we could decode it, would read something like this: "Rider of chestnut mare at third jump is hanging in mid-air without any horse under him. What shall I do?"

Immediately on receiving this message, Mother Earth looks up the Law of Gravitation covering this point and sends word to the rider of the chestnut mare: "Come down at once. Are you crazy hanging up there like that?" And down comes the rider of the chestnut mare,

right about on the same spot as the chestnut mare herself.

Now, as yet there has not been any special exemption passed making it unnecessary for a member of the Royal Family to obey this law. A king is just as much under its jurisdiction as residents of Seattle, Washington. Consequently, when a Prince's horse falls, the Prince really has no alternative but at least to make some pretense of falling. And so the impression gets around that he is not a good horseman. Not, of course, among Seattle cowboys, who understand riding and its intricacies, but along the Atlantic seaboard where steeplechasing is not practiced and where nobody obeys any laws, including the Law of Gravitation.

Perhaps we haven't made this very clear, but, as we said in the beginning, we don't quite understand who it was that Mr. Ritchie had in mind as needing enlightenment on the matter. It really is very easy to explain, once you get the hang of it.

Robert Benchley.



THE THEATRE

Final Exams

GOING to the theater these fine spring evenings is a little depressing, especially as there are no theaters to go to. A season which died several months ago has just officially been pronounced dead, the final blow having been given it when our opera hat was smashed against the roof of a taxicab going over a bump. A couple of plays tried to open after that, but the old carnival spirit was gone.

There was one, however, which had plenty of life and enough rhythm to make the entire theater hitch from left to right on its foundations. "Black Birds of 1928" may be just another one of those colored revues, but it seemed to us to be exceptionally full of good stuff.



NEGRO revues, as a general thing, seem to rely on a genial spirit of willingness rather than on any particular merit to put themselves across. This one has several performers who are as good in their lines as any performers could possibly be—and, once or twice, even better. Mr. Bill Robinson, when he taps his way up and down his own personal stairs, and Mr. Milton Crawley, when he tortures his clarinet into some of the meanest sounds heard in these parts since public whipping was abolished, both are artists that need no bush. Then there is a "Porgy" number at the opening of the second act which utilizes lavender shadows to excellent effect, and some lyrics by Dorothy Fields which are not only sung distinctly but are worth singing distinctly, especially "I Must Have That Man," as rendered by Adelaide Hall.

If this sounds like an enthusiastic notice of "Black Birds of 1928," it is because we meant it to. Very few of our colleagues seemed to see the difference between it and the average colored show, but very few of our colleagues feel as we feel about hot clarinet work and tap-dancing.

Two rather unfortunate things happened shortly after the opening of "Black Birds of 1928." One was "The High Hatters"

and the other was a performance of Strindberg's "The Father." There is no sense in being nasty about things like that; so we will just have the Secretary make a note of the fact that they occurred and then we can go on with the election of new members.



BEING implacably conscientious in our work, whenever there are no new plays we go to some of the old ones over again. And often we receive a pretty sad shock, especially if the play has been running a long time. To be perfectly frank, after about six months some of our best casts allow themselves to give perfectly terrible performances.... There, now we've said it!

We have often wondered why we got complaints from our clients about plays which we have recommended following the opening and which, when seen later in the run by people who had taken our advice, proved disappointing. (Usually, when people complain that we sent them



THE GOLF FIEND IN THE ALPS CAN'T RESIST TEEING OFF

to a bad show, they enclose their ticket-stubs with the price stamped on them, implying that if we were anything but a yellow cad we would refund their money.)

Having visited several of the town's established hits late in their runs, we now are able to see why our clients have been disappointed in them. The actors are not giving the same performances that we saw at the opening. We mention no names, but the list of offenders includes stars as well as butlers. In fact, most of the butlers are keeping their performances pretty well up to the mark.

THE COMMONEST form of sabotage practiced by bored actors after six months of reading their lines is the adoption of a peculiar form of enunciation whereby all the words in a sentence are treated as if they were one long word, resulting in a fluid sound which may or may not be pleasant, but which bears no relation at all to a series of words. The sentence is begun and ended without moving the lips, except as it is necessary to take in air. This is the method popularized by Glenn Hunter in recent seasons, but other actors, who have not Mr. Hunter's personal charm, should not try it too often. It takes a great deal of personal charm.

Another way of passing the time if you happen to be tired of your lines is to look up into the balcony while you are speaking. You are almost sure to see someone there who is interesting if you look long enough. The combination of running words together and letting the glance rove over the balcony will do more to put a play across than anything short of not appearing on the stage at all.



OF course, you can't blame the actors for getting tired of some of the lines they have to say, or even for kidding among themselves during the long dull stretches. All work and no play, you know. But it puts us reviewers in an awkward position with our readers if, after having said: "By all means, see Lewis Deenie in 'The Empty,'" it turns out later in the run that Lewis Deenie is simply terrible. Pretty soon it will get so that people won't read dramatic reviews at all, and then things will all begin to dry up on the earth and gradually the sun will get closer and closer and it will be the End of the World.

Robert Benchley.

The Confidential Guide to current plays will be found on page 24.

THE RADIO



Thunder in the Air

Now is the time of the year when the only thing you can be absolutely sure of getting on the radio is a good thunderstorm. All the Metropolitan Opera stars sail for Europe in the summer and thunderstorms are old Mother Nature's way of evening the balance.

Listening to the approach of a thunderstorm on your radio is high sport and a sure way of making your guests go home early. You don't have to wait for the weather reports; a good, rousing electric storm always announces its arrival in advance over the radio. Outside all is clear and blue and there isn't a cloud in the sky, but somewhere between your loud-speaker and Schenectady you run into a terrible cracking and banging, noisier than the off-stage effects of a war movie.

Pretty soon you notice that it is getting darker outside and clouding up, while the groans and wails from the receiving set get worse and worse. The guests begin to writhe in agony and remember that they left all the windows open. Then there is a rumbling in the distance; it is the storm itself—in person, not a wavelength. The guests who have neglected to bring raincoats decide not to stay for dinner and leave in a panic.

Who says that summer is a bad season on the radio?

ALL THIS smashing and banging may ruin reception but it improves the programs. Even the most ambitious "hours" are marvelously free from guest artists. In summer you are not annoyed with the great soprano who breathes into the microphone, "I ahm zo glat to singk to you in your 'oomes." Nor are you bothered with the tenor who has a double chin in his voice. Nor the violinist who plays the Bruch Concerto and thinks he is giving you a big treat. Nor the baritone who sings "Largo Al Factotum" and gets so comic about it that you'd like to toss a book at the loud-speaker.

Yes, the radio gets along very well without guest artists. The Gatti-Casazzas of the air are learning that their best stars are drawn from the lowly stock company artists of the studios—the "naturals"



LADY BYSTANDER: Why don't you jump in and save him?

ANOTHER BYSTANDER (an actor): Wait till he goes down for the third time. I want to make this dramatic.

of the air. While the "world-famous artists" have departed for Europe for the summer, the Vaughn de Leaths, Divora Nadwornys and Jessica Dragonettes are still with us. Even with the thunderstorm, I still vote for the summer programs.

SMALL talk: Raymond Hitchcock is cut-



"So when I says to her, 'Well, y'could of knocked me over with a feather,' the dirty hussy up an' pulls an ostrich plume out of her hat an' socks me with it!"

ting up every Saturday night over WOR. And going so big with the customers that he is thinking of making broadcasting his Life Work. Ernest Hare, the low voice of the Happiness Boys, once was Al Jolson's understudy in a Winter Garden show that had, besides Jolson, Gaby Deslys, Harry Pilcer, Barney Bernard, Frank Tinney, Annette Kellerman and a lot of chorus girls who are now grandmothers (maybe they were then, for all we know). B. A. Rolfe, of the Palais d'Or orchestra, was a pioneer movie producer and exhibitor, but one of the few that didn't make a million dollars. I recommend his orchestra to your kind attention. A song called "Let's Misbehave" was cut off the air recently because the words were too naughty. Ben Bernie has quit the NBC because his bosses wouldn't let him do his own announcing. Ben was really funny, which was against the rules for announcers.

Agnes Smith.

SIC TRANSIT, ETC.

FATHER (wrathfully): Your conduct has made you the talk of the town.

DAUGHTER: Yes, but how long will it last? Some darn aviator will fly across the Pacific or something, and I'll have to do it all over again.



LADY MIND-READER: And you're no Adonis yourself!

"Just a Little White House"

Mr.: There, that's the place. Think you'd like it?

Mrs.: We-e-e-ell. I don't know. The grounds are pretty, but the house looks sort of bare, all white like that.

Mr.: I don't believe they'd want to

change the color. They have a sentimental reason for keeping it painted white.

Mrs.: Oh, then we couldn't get it permanently?

Mr.: No; four years is the longest they can promise—

Mrs.: You know, dear, I'd almost rather live in Paris or London. There's so much *doing* over there—

Mr.: Well, if we don't get this place, maybe they can find something for us abroad. But we'd better make up our minds, because there are several families looking at this. Some Hoovers, and a man from New York—I forget his name.

Mrs.: Of course, they tell you that, just to hurry you up. Did you ask about the heating plant?

Mr.: Yes; the present tenants seem to be perfectly satisfied with it, but from what I heard, they don't seem to like much heat.

Mrs.: How about the roof?

Mr.: New last summer. Besides, I was told that there hasn't been a leak here for almost eight years. These people—Coolidge, I think their name is—seem to be wonders at keeping everything tight. Funny thing, too, there's still some doubt about whether they're really going to move. Might take it for another four years—you never can tell about *some* people until they've got their trunks packed.

Mrs.: Well, that's a recommendation—it sounds as if they *liked* it—



"Did I ever see you in San Quentin?"

"No, I was never in San Quentin."

"Neither was I—it must have been two other felons."

Mr.: Oh, yes, I guess they like it fine, but they say this Mr. Coolidge wants to go West and start a cattle ranch; he was out there last summer looking the ground over.

Mrs.: I'd like to see the closets before we decide—but then, you've fallen in love with the place, haven't you, dear? Well, all right, go ahead. I'd just as soon live there.

Mr.: Fine! I'll snoop around and see what kind of a trade I can make, and then I'll try and round up some delegates to move us in!

Heman Fay, Jr.

That's Life

MR. JONES had a vest-pocket camera, a vest-pocket edition of Shakespeare, a vest-pocket deck of playing cards, a vest-pocket comb, two vest-pocket lighters, a vest-pocket road map, a vest-pocket fountain pen, a vest-pocket size cigarette case, a vest-pocket size watch with a special vest-pocket chain and fob, vest-pocket folding Pullman slippers and a vest-pocket safety razor.

He had a vest-pocket diary, a vest-pocket spectacle case, a vest-pocket street guide book, a vest-pocket dictionary, a vest-pocket shoe-shine outfit, a vest-pocket memory course, a vest-pocket photograph of his wife and kiddies, a vest-pocket handy implement for opening cans, cutting glass or paring apples.

But, oddly enough, Mr. Jones simply couldn't—and didn't—wear a vest.

John Forbes.



THE STORK: I wonder if there's any chance of my getting a five-day week out of this.



THE SILENT DRAMA

"Ramona"

THE HEROINE of "Ramona" is a young lady, of Spanish and Indian parentage, who is loved by two men, representatives, respectively, of her own two races. Both the young men have fine voices, and the film is largely devoted to close-ups of them singing to the heroine. "Ramona" (the ballad) is the favorite selection of one, and "Indian Love Call" the favorite of the other. As neither of these songs is a favorite of mine, I became a bit tired of hearing them, over and over and over, as this lengthy picture was unreel.

"Ramona" is a treat to the eye, and occasionally a stimulant for the lachrymal glands. Nevertheless, it must be rated as a rather dreary affair which manages to hold the attention solely by dint of beautiful photography and expert selection of backgrounds. Old California has never been represented in a more entrancing light.

The half-breed heroine is impersonated by Dolores Del Rio, whose facial muscles provide about 90 per cent of the action in the picture. Miss Del Rio tries hard (too hard, if you must know) to be cute, wistful, winsome and tragic, but manages only to look beautiful. Even the mountains can do that.

EDWIN CAREWE, the director, deserves loud praise for the pictorial aspect of the film (and he would do well to share some of this commendation with his cameraman, Robert Kundle). But his construction of the story is weak, and the pace of the picture is appallingly slow.

I doubt whether there is much dramatic material in "Ramona," but even that much has not been realized on the screen.

"Hangman's House"

HERE is another production in which the camera-man is the real hero. His name is George Schneiderman, and he has achieved some moving pictures as interestingly beautiful as any that I have seen since "Sunrise."

The setting of "Hangman's House" is an Irish countryside, which means that there are a lot of horses in the cast and,

of course, a horse race. There is also a despicable villain, but this time he isn't equipped with an English name.

Victor McLaglen contributes his usual fine performance, and a kind word should also be said for the acting of Earle Foxe, and for the subtitles devised by Malcolm Stuart Boylan.

"Steamboat Bill, Jr."

IN his earlier comedies, Buster Keaton relied almost entirely on mechanical properties for his gags. You may recall the ingenious contrivances that were used in "One Week" and "The Electric House." Lately, Keaton has been going in more and more for dramatic art (as in "Go West"), and has developed into an extraordinarily good actor.

"Steamboat Bill, Jr." is one of his funniest comedies, and its merit depends not on premeditated gags, but on the individual and unaided work of Buster Keaton himself. The funniest scenes in the picture are those in which Keaton plays a lone hand, without props of any kind.

Don't miss "Steamboat Bill, Jr." It is movie humor at, or pretty darned near, its best.

"Abie's Irish Rose"

I HOPE Miss Anne Nichols will accept the formal apologies of this department for the delay in reviewing the movie version of "Abie's Irish Rose." For many years, Miss Nichols' play was kept alive by the beneficial publicity that it received in LIFE, and it is only fair that her picture should be given the same amount of support and encouragement.

Mr. Benchley reports that he has just seen "Abie's Irish Rose" on the screen and that he will positively review it in his own department next week.

R. E. Sherwood.

The Confidential Guide to current movies will be found on page 24.



"Reckon it's kind of hard to find stones in them funny shapes."



CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Drama

More or Less Serious

Coquette. *Maxine Elliott*—Helen Hayes in a sad little play of the South, beautifully done.

Diamond Lil. *Royale*—The underworld of the Gay Nineties made into a drama by that student of social problems, Mae West.

Dorian Gray. *Billmore*—To be reviewed later, but, even now, it sounds familiar somehow.

The Father. *Belmont*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Ladder. *Cort*—Free seats, but who cares?

The Outsider. *Ambassador*—Clinical drama, with Lionel Atwill as the favorite doctor. Moderately interesting, if that is any inducement.

Porgy. *Republic*—A return engagement of the Theater Guild's remarkable Negro production.

The Scarlet Fox. *Masque*—Willard Mack at work again getting his man. Good man-getting melodrama.

The Silent House. *Morosco*—Mean Chinese trying to frighten a lot of people and succeeding pretty well.

The Skull. *Forrest*—Among the minor entertainments.

Strange Interlude. *John Golden*—O'Neill's ambitious scheme for putting a woman's life into one play, several hours of which are very fine and several other hours not so successful.

The Trial of Mary Dugan. *National*—A murder trial which, although a verdict is reached every day, shows no signs of ending.

The Waltz of the Dogs. *Forty-Eighth St.*—The Andreyev drama which was good enough to move uptown.

Comedy and Things Like That

Anna. *Lyceum*—With Judith Anderson and Lou Tellegen. To be reviewed next week.

The Bachelor Father. *Belasco*—June Walker as the very wise child who knew her own father. One of the few spring hits.

Burlesque. *Plymouth*—A love story of two hoofers and their rise to fame. Opened last fall.

Get Me In the Movies. *Earl Carroll*—To be reviewed later.

The Happy Husband. *Empire*—Billie Burke and an excellent cast in a slight but amusing comedy.

The Ivory Door. *Charles Hopkins*—Something durable in fantasies by A. A. Milne.

Marco Millions. *Guild*—Alfred Lunt as O'Neill's Venetian Babbitt in an elaborate and interesting production.

Paris Bound. *Music Box*—Some entertaining words on the subject of marriage and allied diversions. Madge Kennedy heads the cast.

The Road to Rome. *Playhouse*—A return engagement of Jane Cowl in our Mr. Sherwood's successful contribution to historical research.

The Royal Family. *Selwyn*—A smart and highly amusing outline of what it is like to live in a family of stage-folk.

The Shannons of Broadway. *Martin Beck*—Containing a little bit of everything that goes toward making pleasant entertainment, including the Gleasons.

Skidding. *Bijou*—To be reviewed next week.

Ten Nights in a Barroom. *Wallack's*—The old favorite revived for purposes of kidding.

Whispering Friends. *Hudson*—Mr. Cohan's current comedy; nothing memorable, but Mr. Cohan's.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Black Birds of 1926. *Liberty*—Reviewed in this issue.

A Connecticut Yankee. *Vanderbilt*—A highly modern version of the Mark Twain story, with delightful music.

The Five O'Clock Girl. *Shubert*—Mary Eaton and Oscar Shaw in pleasant rhythms.

Funny Face. *Alvin*—Some of the best tap-dancing you ever saw, on the part of Fred Astaire aided by Adele and two comedians, Victor Moore and Andrew Tombes.

Good News. *Forty-Sixth St.*—The pace-maker for all the dancing shows in town.

Grand Street Follies. *Booth*—To be reviewed later.

Greenwich Village Follies. *Winter Garden*—Much the same as usual, which means all right. "Dr." Rockwell as head comedian.

Here's How! *Broadhurst*—Ben Bernie's band in a show of its own, assisted by Allen Kearns and "Fuzzy" Knight.

Keep Shufflin'. *Eltinge*—Regulation Negro show.

Lovely Lady. *Sam H. Harris*—It's getting pretty warm to be going to the theater these evenings, anyway.

Present Arms. *Lev Fields' Mansfield*—The newest work from the hands of the Fields-Rodgers-Hart combination, and a good bet.

Rain or Shine. *Cohan*—There's Joe Cook and Tom Howard and—oh, you'll see it anyway.

Rosalie. *New Amsterdam*—Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue making pretty consistently merry.

Show Boat. *Ziegfeld*—Practically every song hit you hear being played today is from the score of this.

The Three Musketeers. *Lyric*—Good, roistering music to the old story.

Robert Benchley.

Silent Drama

Recent Developments

The Big Noise. *First National*—A mixture of subtle satire and obvious comedy, in which Chester Conklin appears as a worm who is converted into a lion.

Sadie Thompson. *United Artists*—Gloria Swanson in the movie version of "Rain." If you haven't already seen it—do so at the earliest opportunity.

Street Angel. *Fox*—The lovely Janet Gaynor in a drowsy romance that is rich in beauty but short on dramatic interest.

Across to Singapore. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Another orgy of old-fashioned brutality on the high seas, involving the energetic Ramón Novarro.

The Patsy. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Marion Davies as a younger sister who gets none of the breaks—and so proceeds to make some on her own hook. "So-so" about sums this one up.

Mother Machree. *Fox*—The successful struggles of a benevolent old Irishwoman on these far from unfriendly shores; well played by Belle Bennett.

The Trail of '98. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Alaskan melodrama on a colossal scale.

Skyscraper. *Pathé*—This is an entertaining picture—what with William Boyd, Sue Carol and a structural steel background.

A Sweetheart in Every Port. *Fox*—Victor McLaglen at his stalwart best as a wholesale lover with branch offices in all parts of the world.

Ladies Night. *First National*—If you are amused by views of stout ladies in the flesh, this is just your dish.

Red Hair. *Paramount*—Leading up to a big, smashing climax wherein Clara Bow removes all the costly garments that have been presented to her by her sugar daddies. Very elevating.

The Big City. *Metro-Goldwyn*—The highly uninteresting doings of crooks and gangsters, with Lon Chaney.

Simba. *Martin Johnson*—The greatest collection of wild animals ever gathered together on one strip of celluloid.

Tenderloin. *Warner Bros.*—Dolores Costello in a complicated melodrama that is not helped by the use of spoken dialogue.

Three Sinners. *Paramount*—Marital morals on

the gay and giddy Continent, with Pola Negri as a wife who finally wins back her man.

Burning Daylight. *First National*—Milton Sills in a brutal mutilation of one of Jack London's last stories.

Dressed to Kill. *Fox*—This proves that a crook melodrama can be really exciting, and also that Edmund Lowe can act.

The Gaucho. *United Artists*—Douglas Fairbanks tries to put over a Big Religious Theme, and makes a sorry botch of it.

The Crowd. *Metro-Goldwyn*—A long and rather dreary essay on marriage, directed by King Vidor.

Uncle Tom's Cabin. *Universal*—It isn't difficult, even at this late date, to sob for *Little Eva*, cheer for *Eliza*, and hiss at *Simon Legree*.

Speedy, Wings, The Circus, The Last Command and **Sunrise** are all commended to your attention.

R. E. Sherwood.

Reading Matters

Fact

The Ways of Behaviorism. By John B. Watson. *Harper's*—Readable outline of the new common-sense psychology. Good medicine, easy to take.

Captain Jack. By (as told to) Henry Overbridge. *Century*—Rough-and-ready reminiscences of a hard-boiled Secret Service Man. Supposedly authentic, but none the less entertaining. Not for children.

Some Memories of a Soldier. By Major-General Hugh Lenox Scott. *Century*—A good gift for Uncle John, who sprained an ankle at San Juan Hill. 693 pages of fighting around: Uncle John will love it.

Naked Truth. By Clare Sheridan. *Harper's*—The lady sculptor-journalist tells all. And who.

"Gentlemen, Be Seated." By Dailey Paskman and Sigmund Spaeth. *Doubleday*. *Doran*—Quotations from the old-time minstrels with words and music. A godsend for house parties.

Skyward. By Commander Richard E. Byrd. *Putnam's*—Aviation and exploration, unassumingly explained.

Rum, Romance and Rebellion. By Charles William Taussig. *Minton, Balch*—Those stern old New Englanders do a little psalm-swiggling.

Fiction

The Closed Garden. By Julian Green. *Harper's*—Life in a French Provincial village. Long, but not tedious. Excellent, but depressing.

The Virgin Queen. By Harford Powel, Jr. *Little, Brown*—An American advertising man goes native in his Elizabethan country house. The best of the "light reading" group; an effective antidote for "The Closed Garden."

Bad Girl. By Viña Delmar. *Harcourt, Brace*—Love-life of the Manhattan molecule. Banned by Boston, it must be good.

Deluge. By S. Fowler Wright. *Cosmopolitan*—We mention this for the last time, merely to say—"All wet!"

Alice in the Delighted States. By Edward Hope. *Dial Press*—One part satire, one part wit, jigger of parody, dash of bitters. Light but powerful.

The Greene Murder Case. By S. S. Van Dine. *Scribner's*—That *Philo Vance* again, in a good, workmanlike exposé of a family affair which is practically a massacre.

Catherine-Paris. By Princess Marthe Bibesco. *Harcourt, Brace*—Those sophisticated European aristocrats in a bad way—and what of it?

Behind That Curtain. By Earl Derr Biggers. *Bobbs-Merrill*—A pretty fair mystery you needn't be ashamed to read.

The Bridge of San Luis Rey. By Thornton Wilder. *Boni*—Last, but not least. Won the Pulitzer Prize, too.

Perry Githens.

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Duelist (to bystander): WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME WHAT YOU'RE HANGING AROUND FOR?
Bystander: JUST WAITING FOR YOU TO KILL EACH OTHER—I'M A SWORD SWALLOWER IN THE CIRCUS.
—Gutiérrez (Madrid).

GATHERED WORDS

SOME people gather stones,
To make a pretty walk.
I like to gather words
And put them in my talk,
To form a pleasant path,
So, when I've said my say,
The weary minds that pass
Will want to go my way.
—Myrt H., in *Chicago Daily News*.

TOO MUCH ACTION

A BRITISHER has invented a wrist watch which is kept wound by the motion of the arm. It's all right, perhaps, but some lucky crap-shooter would probably break a mainspring every twenty minutes or so.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

DRAMATIC CRITICISM IN THE GREAT WEST

FROM THE Buffalo (Kans.) *Blade*: "Custer's last fight is being fit by a troupe here this week."
—*New York Evening Post*.

JUVENILE WHOOPEE

THE BEST description of a children's party that has come to our official notice in many moons is that given by the four-year-old son of a neighbor:

"Did you have a good time at the party?" asked the fond mother when the young man returned flushed with excitement from a birthday-gathering across the street.

"Oh, yes, Mother, we had a perfectly lovely time."

"But what did you do to have such a lovely time?"

"Oh, we just screamed and screamed."

—D. A. C. News.

ARCADES AMBO

THE BEST golf story of late comes from a South London course, where two young novices met the other morning for a match. On the first tee, after a little discussion, they tossed a coin to decide which of them should give the other a start of a stroke a hole.

—*London Daily Chronicle*.

PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE threw a glass of champagne over the boiled shirt front of a Paris editor, who can now consider himself launched.

—*Detroit News*.



"WHAT WAS YOUR FIANCE CHATTING ABOUT SO GAILY?"

"OH, NOTHING THAT YOU SHOULD HEAR AT YOUR AGE, MAMMA."

—*Excelsior (Mexico City)*.



"YOU OUGHT NOT TO SMOKE CIGARS IN THE COSTUME OF BEN-HUR!"

"WHY—COULDN'T HE AFFORD 'EM?"

—*L'Esquella de la Torratxa (Barcelona)*.

HIS AMATEUR STANDING

THE STORY is told of a college athlete that had no money. Consequently, not because he was a good athlete, a rich alumnus used to have a standing bet with him every semester that he couldn't jump over a chair two feet high. They bet five hundred dollars each time. Once the big athlete tripped and fell over the chair, so the thoughtful alumnus gave the poor boy a thousand dollars for doctor bills.

—*Colgate Banter*.

HE KNOWS

THEY say that curves are coming back
To beautify the screen and stage;
Ask dad to tell of Sam T. Jack,
When burleyques were all the rage.

—*Youngstown Telegram*.

ACCORDING to late news from the Bronx, Babe Ruth is himself again. Observers say he is as fit as a bass viol.—*New Yorker*.



Employer: OH! WHO THE DEVIL FIRST INVENTED THESE DAMNED TELEPHONES?
The Very Efficient Typist: ALEXANDER BELL, I THINK, SIR, IN THE YEAR 1876.

—*London Calling*.

FIELD FEVER (AFTER
MASEFIELD)

I must go down to the woods again, to the silent
heath and the downs,
And all I ask is a sharp knife and some com-
rades from the towns;
And a thick stick and a thin prong and the
primrose waking,
And a free hand in the free space with the gray
ferns breaking.

I must go down to the woods again, for the sign
of the budding spring
Is a wild call and a clear call to ruin the lovely
thing:

And all I ask is a bluebell wood with the egg-
shells flying,
And the flung skins and the orange peel and
the violets dying.

I must go down to the woods again, to uproot
and hack and kill;

To the hog's way and the ape's way, where there
blossoms one daffodil,

And all I ask is to spoil the scene for the laugh-
ing nature lover,

And newspapers strewn and broken glass when
the picnic's over.

—L. F. R., in *London Morning Post*.



Repatee

Bus Driver (to driver of growler): NAH, THEN!
LOOK WHERE YOU'RE COMING TO WITH THAT OLD
RABBIT 'UTCH!

Indignant Fare: CURB YOUR RUDE TONGUE, MY
MAN!

Bus Driver: 'ULLO, BUNNY, ARE YOU THERE TOO?
—*Passing Show (London).*

CLUB LIFE IN MISSOURI

FROM the Columbia (Mo.) *Herald*: "Thirteen students of Missouri University at Columbia have formed an organization known as the Quo Vadis club. To be eligible to membership one must have bummed at least 1,000 miles without paying railroad fare, must have slept one night in a box car and must have had at least one free meal at the back door. Membership is limited to thirteen. The purpose of the club is to raise the moral tone of the university."

—*Buffalo Courier-Express*.

Wine jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

STILL THEY COME

THIS is the latest product of the Aberdeen Joke Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Market-street, Aberdeen:

A Londoner was asked by his little son, "Daddy, is Aberdeen close to Edinburgh?"

"Yes, my boy," said the father. Then, after a moment, "And to every other town in Scotland."—*London Daily Chronicle*.

WHEN anything in Chicago is all over but the shooting, it hasn't even begun.

—*Arkansas Gazette*.

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"Did you tell your mother you were coming to the library?"
"Naw, I didn't have to—she knows where we're goin' when we wash our hands."

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET, N. Y.



Clothes for the Golfer

Send for BROOKS's Miscellany

BOSTON **PALM BEACH** **NEWPORT**
LITTLE BUILDING PLAZA BUILDING AUDRAIN BUILDING
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Get rid of
Dandruff
BY USING
Sergeant's for the Hair, regularly

For fifty years, Sergeant's Mange Medicine has proven an effective treatment for dandruff, and other hair and scalp complaints. After many years of research, Sergeant's chemists have refined this product so that it retains all the therapeutic qualities of mange medicine, but none of the disadvantages. It comes to you with the sincere recommendation of this 50 year old company.

Sergeant's for the hair will not only relieve dandruff, but will make dry, brittle hair soft and lustrous; it cleans the scalp, promotes the flow of natural oils, and relieves falling hair. It is an effective conditioner of hair and scalp.



"Comb your hair with it"

No longer need you fear odor or stain. The new treatment will not over-grease the hair. It contains no alcohol to dry the scalp. The new bottle will fit in the medicine cabinet, so that you may remember to use it—daily. . . . Form the habit of using Sergeant's whenever you comb your hair, instead of using water, for you never know what chemicals the water may contain. Moisten the hair or comb with Sergeant's—then comb your hair.



"Comb your hair with it"

Also, a "Sergeant's rub" every week, will invigorate the scalp. Apply Sergeant's freely. Then rub the scalp with the tips of your fingers until you feel it tingle.

Ask your dealer for Sergeant's for the Hair (75c)—and give your hair and scalp the treatment it needs. . . . Free trial bottle sent postpaid, anywhere, on request.

Polk Miller Products Corporation
2301 Broad St., Richmond, Va.

"Comb your hair with it"
Sergeant's
For the Hair

HIS LIFE IS AN OPEN BOOK

FRANK WALTMAN was a caller at Tony Spotanski's Thursday and Friday.

Thomas and Leo Sekutera were visitors at Tony Spotanski's Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Tony Spotanski were callers in Ashton Friday.

Miss Elinor Spotanski was absent from school Thursday and Friday.

Tony Spotanski and sons, Stanley and Clarence were callers at Thomas Lonowski's Wednesday afternoon.

Stanley Spotanski was a visitor at Stephen Tryba's Saturday forenoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Tony Spotanski were visitors at St. Libory Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Tryba and Stanley Spotanski were callers in Loup City Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Tryba and son were visitors at Tony Spotanski's Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Tony Spotanski and family and Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Spotanski and family all visited at Stephen Tryba's Sunday.

The Tony Spotanski young folks and Vincent Groyek and Frank Kowalski all attended the wedding dance at Joe Palu's barn Monday evening.

Anton Spotanski accompanied by Tom and Leo Sekutera went to the river last Thursday near Rockville and spent the day fishing.

Anton Spotanski accompanied by relatives went to Rockville Monday on a fishing trip.

Anton Spotanski went to Rockville Sunday with relatives from Ashton where he spent the day fishing in the Loup river.

—Route Four News, Loup City (Neb.) Times.

THE LANDLADY SHOWS WHAT CAN BE DONE TO THE LANGUAGE

VERBATIM notice in a certain Detroit boarding house (the landlady is almost stealing Milt Gross's stuff):

"plese dunt put sluks in phon,

"And dunt despekt the hous to pay your calls

"If you dunt wont to use knuckles then dunt use phon

"If you dunt stop it the phon we'll taking out

"LANDLADY."

—Detroit Free Press.

UNREASONABLE

"WHAT did you quit down at the Gold-plated Securities for? I thought you had a good thing there."

"I thought so, too, till I'd been there a week. I was supposed to be secretary to the vice-president, but he was no vice-president at all. Why, the poor nut only took two hours and a half for lunch and sometimes he'd stick around till four in the afternoon. I couldn't work for a man like that."—Saturday Evening Post.

DRIVE YOURSELF IN EUROPE

The easy, economical and most enjoyable way.

Car rent \$50. a week.

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Write to us for a free booklet

PARTOUT TOURING Inc.
AUTO SERVICE ABROAD
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Two Simmons gifts for two June graduates

A YOUNG man? Send him a modern chain for his graduation watch . . . or a modern chain to replace the one he has worn these last four years. The Simmons Waldemar, above (29618), is \$7.50—in natural or yellow gold drawn over a metal base. The same pattern, made by the same process, comes in green or white gold or a combination of the two, at \$9.50. Other Simmons styles in belt, vest, Dickens, Waldemar—from \$4 to \$15.

A young lady? The Simmons bead and crystal necklace is both recent and popular. The price of No. 29547, below, is \$9. Other necklaces, including gold-filled beads, range from \$6.50 to \$12. R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Mass.



SIMMONS
TRADE MARK
CHAINS AND NECKLACES

The swivel says it's a Simmons

THE SPECTER AND THE SPECTROSCOPE

The arras lifts along the floor;
The owl cries thrice; the lights subside;
The ghost of old Earl Cruddlegore
Comes stealthily to slay his bride.

And down the crumbling corridor
Dead horror wakes to life again,
For wicked old Earl Cruddlegore
Must slay and slay what once was slain.

The old hound bays; a strange rook caws;
Veils hide the moon, by some command;
By the high bed it seems to pause,
And something shimmers in its hand!

But stay! What marvel doth astound
The specter! See him mow and grope!
Within his lady's bed he's found
No lady, but a spectroscope!

And where long since he'd murdered her—
What specter could forgive it?—he
Perceived a galvanometer
To test his conductivity!

And where a dozen men he'd changed
To madmen by his demon laugh,
A camera was now arranged
To take his spirit photograph.

He was a sorrowful phantasm;
"This is the end!" he seemed to say.
He folded up his ectoplasm
And wailed in weary woe away.
—Morris Bishop, in *Saturday Evening Post*.

Belmont Hospitality

"GOOD MORNING"

HARD working humorists and comedians for years have made a target of the telephone girl for their shafts of ridicule.

But the Belmont telephone operators are different. It's sort of refreshing to call that hotel and to get the prompt, crisp and friendly response, "Hotel Belmont, Good Morning" if it happens to be in the morning. And when you give the name and room number of your party, you'll be connected almost instantly if the person you wish to talk with is in. The same prompt efficiency is enjoyed by guests of the hotel for their outgoing messages.

Belmont habitues rightly feel that such telephone courtesy is a valuable part of Belmont service.

Hotel Belmont

Park Ave. and 42nd St.
At Grand Central Terminal
New York City

A BOWMAN BILTMORE HOTEL

Press the trigger . . . there's your light

A Silhouette Douglass in triple silvered case \$10

Standard or
Silhouette models
can be fitted with
this Douglass
windshield . . . \$1

Slender as
a modern watch
. . . the Silhouette
Douglass

Quite naturally
you'd choose
an automatic lighter

And the Douglass is automatic. Just press the trigger — there's your light! So neatly done, so easily; never a soiled hand or glove.

Precisely built, the Douglass Lighter is always dependable. Yet sturdiness and long life do not mean bulkiness. Quite the contrary.

Silhouette Douglasses, for in-

stance, are thin, graceful as a modern watch — a scarce 379 thousandths of an inch through.

You can always tell a Douglass; fully patented, they can't be copied. You'll find Standard models from \$5 and Silhouettes from \$10 to \$1000 — at the better shops. Douglass Fluid is there also, in convenient spouted cans.

Sponsored by
HARGRAFT
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Chicago

The
Douglass
Lighter

Canada:
A. W. W. Kyle Co.,
3 St. Nicholas St.
Montreal



"Don't worry, Papa, Willie just swallowed a bug, and I'm having him gargle with Flit."

Advt.

THIMBLE, THIMBLE

BROWN: Your wife is a very systematic woman, isn't she?

JONES: Yes, very. She works on the theory that you can find whatever you want when you don't want it by looking where it wouldn't be if you did want it.—*Wisconsin Telephone News*.

MAN's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands.—*College Humor*.

SAND LOT DAYS

THE most disillusioning thing is to go back home and discover that the distant fence over which you occasionally knocked the ball, when a boy, was only sixty-eight feet from home plate.

—*Detroit News*.

"By the merest coincidence the two events coincided."—*Evening Paper*.

How often this happens!—*Punch*.

FLASHES FROM THE Sport-lite

The Optimist: "I can see good in anything."

The Motorist: "That so? Can you see good in driving at night without a SPORT-LITE?"

The improvement on driving lights

Longer, Stronger Beam—easiest to operate. Most beautiful appearing—moderately priced. A standard accessory with most cars. Complies with legal restrictions in all states. DeLuxe size \$25.00—small size \$17.50.

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Please send information on SPORT-LITES.

Make of car is.....

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A BURLESQUE-LOVER

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

SIR:

I have just finished reading your Burlesque Number and I couldn't withhold myself from taking my pen in hand to congratulate you upon it. I laughed till the tears ran down my face.

MANCHESTER TODD WEST,
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

ON THE OTHER HAND

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

SIR:

Your Burlesque Number is terrible. It may be an achievement to be as dull as all those magazines at once but don't do it again! Not on your life! nor on my LIFE!

MARGARET WENTWORTH,
NEW YORK CITY.

WE MISSED THE APRIL 28TH ISSUE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

SIR:

A good friend of the Plumbing and Heating Industries Bureau has brought to our attention a sketch, appearing on page 5 of your issue of April 26, in which a hackneyed and long ago discarded prejudice against the plumber is used as a basis for an alleged comic illustration.

I know too much about LIFE and the enterprising and fair-minded policies of its editorial department not to believe that you will guard against a repetition of such unwarranted affronts at a trade.

As you know, the Plumbing and Heating Industries Bureau, representing the combined manufacturing, wholesaling, and trade interests of the industries, did on April 28, through the *Saturday Evening Post*, launch a most comprehensive advertising campaign, whose purpose it is to bring to the public a new realization of the importance of the Master Plumbers and Heating Contractors.

PLUMBING AND HEATING INDUSTRIES BUREAU,

per Hugh L. Wood.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

(NOTE: The New LIFE, which made its first appearance on May 10, has evoked an enormous amount of comment. Some of our readers express approval of the new form; others condemn it flatly. None of them, we're grateful to say, appears to be lukewarm on the subject.)

BALLADE OF THE OLD JOKES

WHAT has become of the old-time jokes?
The mother-in-law, the precocious brat;
The Christmas ties and the Christmas smokes,
And the April jest of the brick and hat?
The Newlyweds and their first, fond spat,
The doggerel poet inditing odes;
Those old-time favorites we chuckled at,
And what has become of Dusty Rhodes?

Gone are the jokes about bums and soaks,
Weary Wrangles and Nerry Nat,
The Cornstassel stories of rural folks
And the Irish yarns about Mike and Pat.
Alkali Ike and his faithful gat,
And the Swedish cook where the stove explodes,
And the bricks that were thrown at the alley
cat,
And what has become of Dusty Rhodes?

Rastus and Sambo, those comical mokes,
Knicker and Bocker's eternal chat,
Miss Cayenne's sharp and vindictive strokes,
And Staylate's pause on the front-door mat.
Young Astorbilt, the aristocrat,
All, all have gone to their last abodes,
Even old Moneybags, bland and fat,
And what has become of Dusty Rhodes?

L'ENVOI

Editor, pray, ere you leave me flat,
What has become of the old-time modes?
Where have they vanished? Answer that;
And what has become of Dusty Rhodes?
—"Flaccus," in *New York Evening Post*.

HASTA LA MANANA

From a trade catalogue: "Orders received before noon shipped some day."
—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

PATHOLOGY covers a multitude of sins.
—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

**Clear 'round the
Wide World
you'll find**

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**always in superior condition because perfectly
corked and bottled only
with its own natural gas.**

*The Finest Sparkling Table Water
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Analyzing the Sterling Dolphin Series

FOR eight years the Dolphin Models, 5¾ inch bore, 6¾ inch stroke, have represented maximum value.

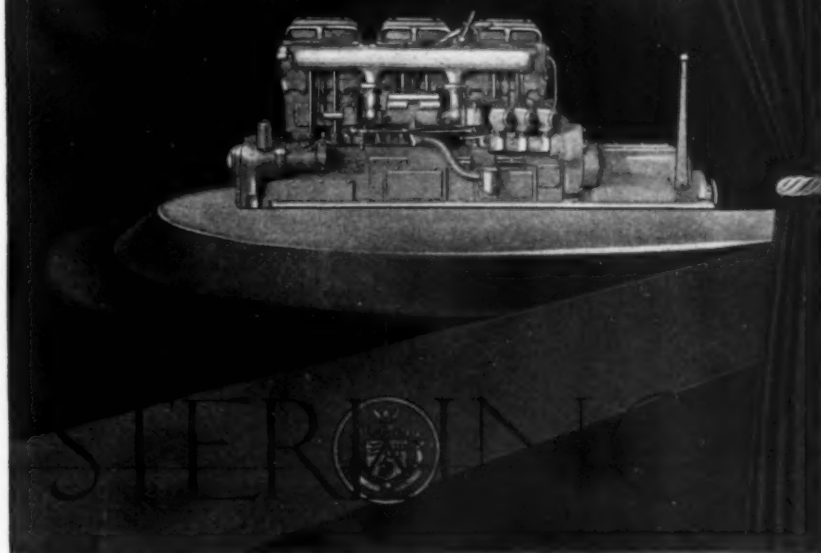
The Dolphin 6	225 h. p.	1550	Revolutions for cruisers.
The Dolphin 6	290 h. p.	1950	Revolutions for runabouts.
The Dolphin 8	300 h. p.	1550	Revolutions for cruisers.

On a basis of price per horsepower these three models average \$17.00 for the cruiser six, \$13.00 for the runabout six, \$16.00 for the straight eight. Low prices for engines of this size, that develop such extraordinary power.

What comparative engine includes, as these models do, dual valves in the head, oil cooler and filter, twin carburetors, excellently heated inlet manifold, counterweighted and dynamically balanced crankshaft? Desirable attributes, wholesomely designed, aiding in the unparalleled recorded reliability. The Dolphin models, unequalled in power, are the greatest value in their size.

Other Sterling models range from 12 to 565 h. p.

STERLING ENGINE COMPANY
BUFFALO, NEW YORK



A SOCIAL ERROR

THE LIFE of learning at the University of North Carolina, as reported by the celebrated Chapel Hill Weekly:

"Members of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity have recently inaugurated the great old Anglican custom of serving tea at their lodge every Sunday afternoon. Last Sunday proved a particularly quiet day on the Hill and the Dekes found their weekly party failing woefully from lack of feminine guests. Espying a lonely appearing lady seated in a large sedan in front of the frat house, a hospitable lad resolved to offer her refreshments. 'My dear madam,' quoth the youth, 'may I offer you a cup of tea?'"

"Listen, son," the fair stranger replied, 'don't trifle with me; my husband is a bootlegger.'"

—*American Mercury*.

LITTLE WILLY's notion of making the world air-minded is to sail half a dozen pasteboard planes across the living room into Papa's car.—*Detroit News*.

MODERN MOTHER: Jimmie, if you don't drink your cocktail, you can't have your after-dinner cigarette.—*College Humor*.

WHEN he next has a little leisure Colonel Lindbergh might write a book on "Presidents I Have Flown."—*Boston Transcript*.



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into your
Shoes**

And Sprinkle
in the Foot-Bath

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic, Healing Powder for tired, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. It takes the friction from the shoe, prevents blisters and sore spots and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Always use Allen's Foot-Ease for Dancing and to Break in New Shoes. Sold everywhere. For Free trial package, address Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y.

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The 1000 Islands
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X WILL ROGERS will conduct his campaign in LIFE

Will Rogers has accepted the nomination. His campaign starts immediately! Every week, from now on, Will Rogers will make a speech in the pages of LIFE. He will build his platform; he will name the members of his cabinet; he will say what he thinks about Congress; he will ask embarrassing questions of the candidates of the other parties. No matter what your political affiliations—Republican, Democratic, Farmer-Labor, or Socialist—you will want to hear what Will Rogers has to say, and the best, nay, the ONLY place you can hear it is right here in the pages of LIFE.

NEXT WEEK: Will Rogers starts building his platform. The cover of this issue is a devastating caricature by Miguel Covarrubias. Make sure, now, of your copy of LIFE by mailing the handy coupon. Remember: your subscribers never miss the next issue, and the "next issue" of LIFE is going to be one of your most valued possessions.

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If you want your subscription back-dated to start with the first of the Will Rogers Campaign, put a cross here. ☐

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